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OCTOBER 26, 1970 35 cents

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November Storm Centers

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Hippies & Farmers
THE WILD HEMP OF INDIANA
Maxwell King

●

SIR WALTER SCOTT / John Farrelly

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LETTERS

how the duck walks

Lawrence, Kans.

DEAR SIRS: In regard to your studious avoidance of the term "Fascist" to describe the current American scene ["Cold Comfort," editorial, Oct. 5], I call your attention to Carl Oglesby's thoughts on the matter, from "Vietnamese Crucible" *in Containment and Change*:

> One sees in America the emergence (maybe it is too late for such a word) of what we can only describe as a somewhat permissive, domestically benign Fascist state. *Fascism*—an extravagant term? *Webster*'s definition: "a centralized autocratic national regime with severely nationalistic policies, exercising regimentation of industry, commerce, and finance, rigid censorship, and forcible suppression of opposition." On the last two counts, I hope not too hopefully, I defer judgment. And in any case, there is no need to suppress an already harmless dissent. But centralization of the basic economic and political decisions, the sophisticated nationalism of our foreign policy, the *de facto* top-down regimentation (our word for it is "rationalization") of industry, commerce, and finance—these are very clearly the dominant features of our system. Big government and big business are essentially one and the same. . . . The crucial competition takes place on the inside of a homogeneous, informal, but very real and very bureaucratic commercial monolith, and the paramount issue of that competition is the internal succession of power and authority: not where power will be moved to but who will win occupancy of power's present seats; not the rearrangement of power in the market place, but the acquisition of power within the closed system that commands it.

If it walks like a duck, etc., it can still be a duck without being the most grotesque example in history.

Michael Miller

teachers' grapevine

New York City

DEAR SIRS: The American Federation of Teachers, AFL-CIO, at its convention in August, initiated a membership referendum on the war in Indochina to be voted on early this fall. A favorable vote on this excellent statement by the 205,000 members of the union would have an important effect on labor and consequently on the war itself.

We are now preparing background information on the referendum and the war which should be useful to teachers in approaching their colleagues. Although we have some 10,000 people on our mailing list, we must reach additional teachers at every level from kindergarten through the university. We urge any of your readers who are (or who know) AFT members to please get in touch with us promptly as time is very short. Contact us at Teachers Committee for Peace in Vietnam, 339 Lafayette St., N. Y. 10012.

Rebecca Berman, Coordinator

correction

In "The Democrats: Spooked by Abstractions" [*The Nation*, Oct. 5] Robert Sherrill said: "Not long ago Stephen Schlesinger invited members of the temporary steering committee of the New Democratic Coalition to comment in a symposium on the question: Should we have a fourth party, or can the Democratic Party be reformed by 1972?" Mr. Schlesinger has written to say that the symposium was conducted by *The New Democrat*, the magazine of which he is editor, that those approached were not necessarily members of the NDC steering committee (though some were) and that the magazine is an independent political journal and not affiliated with the NDC.

The Editors

EDITORIALS

The Agnew Purge

The liberal Republicans in the Senate would like to believe that the Nixon-Agnew attempt to read Sen. Charles Goodell out of the party is merely a special case. It is so in the sense that Senator Goodell, caught in a three-way race, is especially vulnerable. But Senators Brooke, Case, Hatfield and Percy must realize that if the purge of Goodell succeeds, they can expect similar treatment in 1972 when all of them will be up for re-election. The signal is clear: get right with Nixon-Agnew-Mitchell between now and then, or else. Sen. Hugh Scott is in no danger, but even so it should be noted that the President makes a point of relying more on Sen. Robert Dole than he does on the nominal Republican leader.

Liberal Republicans up for re-election in 1972 must also have noticed the decline in influence at the White House of Robert Finch and John Ehrlichman. Nor do they need to be reminded that the President bypassed Gov. Dan Evans and other liberal Republicans in the state of Washington in order to insure the re-election of Senator Jackson, a Democrat. In Vermont, Sen. Winston Prouty and in New Jersey, Nelson G. Gross, the Republican nominee, find themselves torn, as *The New York Times* points out, between an Administration that tends to the right of Center and electorates that tend to the left. Of course, President Nixon does not relish the notion of splitting the Republican Party more than it is already split in states with a sizable liberal Republican element, but if, as he envisions, the GOP is to become the new majority party made up exclusively of conservative white centrists, then the liberal Republicans are expendable. As they are booted out, so the argument runs, conservative Democrats will be drawn in.

What has happened in California may well prefigure the future. Former Sen. Thomas Kuchel, the foremost liberal Republican in the Senate until he was defeated for renomination by Max Rafferty, has now made his peace with Governor Reagan and accepts right-wing domination of the Republican Party in his state. Or consider the June primary campaigns of Rep. Paul N. ("Pete") McCloskey and Rep. Alphonzo Bell. Both are liberal Republicans; both are attractive politicians who might go far in California state politics. This year right-wing elements poured money into a concerted effort to deny them Republican nominations. Fortunately the effort failed, in part because the districts involved—the 11th (McCloskey) and the 28th (Bell)—are not densely populated with Reagan-Rafferty elements; but neither McCloskey nor Bell has much of a future in state politics as a Republican.

Elsewhere, as liberal Republicans veer to the right, which many of them are doing, they will no longer be able to enjoy the best of two worlds—that is, to curry conservative support simply by being Republicans and to pick up other support on carefully selected "liberal" issues. Time is running out on that ploy. Let them ponder the fate of Kuchel and the attempted purge of Goodell, McCloskey and Bell. Let them remember the rough treatment liberal Republicans received in San Francisco in 1964 and in Miami in 1968. And let them also study the polls which

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show Mayor John F. Lindsay a runner-up with Senator Muskie for the Democratic nomination in 1972. The liberal Republican category includes some fine political talent which the nation can ill afford to lose, but it is clear that politicians such as Senators Brooke, Hatfield, Percy and Case have little to look forward to in the Republican Party of Richard Nixon. Will such men wait to be purged, or will they take the lead, between now and 1972, in forming a new coalition with independents and like-minded Democrats—now that an exodus of Dixiecrats just might "liberate" the Democratic Party?

The Crawfisher

Zoologically, the crawfish, or crayfish, is a small freshwater member of the lobster family. Used as a verb, crawfish means to retreat obliquely from a position or undertaking. The connotations are invidious. The columnists Frank Mankiewicz and Tom Braden have converted the term into a useful political working noun—the *crawfisher*.

An active example is the ever ebullient Hubert H. Humphrey. One takes no pleasure in thus citing him, for, whatever one may think of his politics, he is personally a likable man. He smiles almost constantly, except when he is crying—which he also does easily. He honestly empathizes with the poor, the aged, the sick and other unfortunates. He is the kind of man of whom one says, sometimes patronizingly, that he "has a good heart." But he has always been a crawfisher, and an agile one. The current instance of skittering is his discovery that he and his wife Muriel love to hunt. Humphrey the Hunter! And Mrs. Humphrey! Maybe she does like to hunt, though anyone who has exchanged even a few words with her finds it difficult to imagine her firing a gun at an inoffensive animal. But Hubert is running for office, and almost automatically he crawfishes on gun control. There he is, the hard-nosed old Nimrod, with rifle or shotgun under his arm (perhaps both at once), stalking grouse, pheasants, deer, bear and National Rifle Association voters.

Most politicians have a bit of the crawfisher in them; our traditional modes of political action being what they are, one must allow the practicing politician room for dodging. But beyond that reasonable latitude the crawfisher becomes a menace to good government.

Richard Niebuhr once said that there was nothing wrong per se about compromise; the trouble is that most people compromise too soon. Even worse, then, are those who compromise, or crawfish, on a serious matter of principle, and lack even the excuse that they would have suffered damage had they not. What made Mr. Humphrey think he had to crawfish on guns? A majority of the electorate favors gun-control legislation. The National Rifle Association and perhaps 20 per cent of the voters are opposed. But they make a lot of noise, and thereby frighten politicians who frighten easily.

In contrast, the ADA was completely right in adopting by a vote of 65, out of the 100-member board, a resolution not to support candidates who move to the right. For one thing, there is no firm evidence that the country is moving in that direction. It may simply *appear* to be so moving, because Agnew, Mitchell, et al., keep telling us so. And even if there actually is such a trend, what remains of the

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function of a progressive organization if it helps to turn the trend into a stampede?

We have seen this happen before, and the results are with us still. In 1950 the Congress passed the Subversive Activities Control Act in a flurry of hysteria. HHH was for it, but he hardly deserves to be singled out; only Estes Kefauver—*clarum et venerabile nomen*!—voted against it. We are saddled with the Act to this day. Now the Organized Crime Control Act has been sent to the President for signature. When it first came before the Senate it whizzed through, 73 to 1, only Sen. Lee Metcalf having the courage and sense of responsibility to vote against it. The crime bill is to this period what the subversive activities bill was to the fifties. Many of those who voted for the crime bill knew it to be what it is—a dangerous phony with totalitarian overtones. They say they are voting for it because no legislator dares refrain from declaring himself against "organized crime," just as none dared vote against a measure designed to scourge the Communists in 1950. The earlier Act did no great damage to the Communists, but contributed substantially to the atmosphere of hate and demoralization in which we now find ourselves. The Organized Crime Control Act will do little damage to organized criminals, but the Bill of Rights will feel it.

The answer to demagogy is to force a discussion of the real issues, and always to bear in mind that a workable democracy can withstand only a certain level of crawfishing.

Smoke-Screen Veto

The Nation would welcome some action—almost any action—by the Administration that would merit editorial approbation. It gets tiresome to harp on one string. Journalism reflects life and is subject to the proverb about variety.

But the President seems determined to balk us. He has just vetoed the bill to limit campaign spending. He acknowledges that the issue is important. It had substantial bipartisan backing. Earlier attempts to limit campaign spending have not been effective, and this one might not have worked either. But it might have had some positive effect; at any rate it would have been an experiment worth making.

The history preceding the veto is instructive. The Administration played almost no role in shaping this piece of legislation. It did not offer changes which might have improved the bill; it played no lobbying role of consequence. Then, when the bill came to him, the President vetoed it. His complaint was that it "plugs one hole in a sieve." For one thing, the metaphor is an exaggeration; nor is anything said about what might be done to replace the sieve by something less leaky.

The veto, therefore, is irresponsible. Inaction is followed by wrong action. This is not the way the parliamentary game should be played in a decently ordered democracy. Nor is the procedure honest. The veto says nothing about the equal-time amendment.

Why? In 1964, the equal-time provision, part of an Act which had passed the House and Senate just as this bill did, was killed by Lyndon B. Johnson. He killed it because he was the incumbent. He was well ahead; he did not want to be trapped into a debate; he did not want to help Goldwater in any way. The same action, in substance, was repeated by the Republicans in 1968. Nixon was ahead in the polls and did not want to be led into a debate of the kind that had done him nothing but harm when he faced Kennedy in 1960.

Mr. Nixon will probably be the incumbent in 1972. Presumably he will be better known than his Democratic opponent. The GOP can raise more money, with less effort, than can the Democrats, who are saddled with an old debt. Not only is Mr. Nixon in a position to spend more but he doesn't mind if he has to pay a higher rate for the television time.

So, while we have not been able to find something nice to say about Mr. Nixon, we have at least managed to give him an even break. In this area he has acted no differently than did his Democratic predecessor—which suggests that on this issue all incumbents think alike.

Democratic Straw

California Democrats have found a straw to clutch in that state's newest voter-registration statistics—fragile but factual: the Republicans have slipped. It's small, but it looms more importantly than the marginal gain Democrats have made.

Statewide figures show that Democrats—for thirty-five years the party favored by well over the majority in California—picked up nearly 400,000 new voters just between June and September 15. These are people not previously registered, a large proportion of them from minority communities. The gain inched the Democratic majority ahead from 54.5 per cent where it stood in June to 54.9 per cent of the California electorate for this November.

Cheers? Not exactly. The figure they were aiming for in an impressive registration drive, coordinated with COPE's effort, was 57 per cent. The two occasions in this century when Democrats have managed to capture the governorship in California (Governors Olson and Brown) were when the Democratic share of the registration total topped 57 per cent. It has been skidding downhill since Ronald Reagan won, so there is some sunshine in the current fractional improvement.

But the real glow for the Democrats is shed by GOP figures. The Republicans slipped from 40.7 per cent of the electorate in June to 39.8 per cent this fall, and that despite the fact that they too had been industriously adding new voters to the rolls. They added about half as many as the Democrats, roughly 200,000. This is the first time in the past four years that Democrats improved their position at the expense of Republicans.

Getting the GOP margin below 40 per cent may be the start of a trend. At least Jess Unruh fans are encouraging themselves that it is. The state's voter total is 8.7 million. Of this Democrats are 4,781,282; Republicans, 3,469,046.

Lurking behind these official ratios, though, is another spark of arithmetical hope for Democrats. It involves tidied up registrar rolls. Some 400,000 voters who have moved since they last voted have been snatched back to proper voter status by an intensive effort to get these mobile Californians to re-register, which they now can

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do by mail if their move occurred within their original county. In this curious state, full of comings and goings, that is the prevailing pattern. In Los Angeles County, for every person moving *away* from the county, three other persons move to new abodes *inside* the county. And Democrats figure their share of the transient, shifting, work-seeking residents runs 2 to 1 in excess of mobile Republicans.

The new law allowing re-registration by mail, and the fact that 90 per cent of all California counties have computerized their registration rolls so that deadwood is combed out with unusual efficiency, led to this calculated reach for a segment of the voter population usually lost by indifference after a change of domicile. By this sophisticated reach for voters normally washed out, Democrats figure they have a better actual ratio than official figures disclose. But Bernard Teitlebaum, consultant with the Democratic state Senate caucus who engineered that party's voter drive, concedes the whole effort could be nullified by apathy. Despite the heaviest unemployment ratio in the nation, Californians haven't shown signs of election excitement on either side.

Of course the significant trend may not lie in the major parties at all, but in the political anonymity of those who register but "decline to state" a party preference. Workers in the field were struck by the number of young people, new voters, who scoffed at allying themselves with either party. The number of "declined to state" increased nearly 100 per cent, from 2.2 per cent of the electorate in June to 3.9 per cent now, about the highest in more than a decade. Even more emphatic political "dropout" is reflected in the growing proportion of the adult population which is eligible to vote but has never registered. In 1960, when California had some 9.5 million adults in the population, there were about 7.5 million registered voters, 2 million others being lost. Today, with 11.9 million eligible adults, only 8.7 million are registered voters, leaving some 3 million out of the system. MARY ELLEN LEARY

Dissent in the USSR

The top Soviet leadership has a problem on its hands and it is no minor one. The award of the Nobel Prize in literature to Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn only serves to call attention to the underlying situation. The prize was awarded to Pasternak in 1958 for *Doctor Zhivago*, but Pasternak had his arm twisted by Khrushchev and declined to accept it. In 1965, perhaps as a tactful gesture, the Nobel Prize went to Sholokhov for *And Quiet Flows the Don*. Whatever Sholokhov's merits and defects as a novelist, he has never quarreled with the regime. Now the 1970 prize goes to Solzhenitsyn, who deserves it both for literary excellence and for his arduous struggle for intellectual freedom in the Soviet Union.

The Soviet authorities might turn this latest award to their advantage. They could reiterate their disapproval of some of the laureate's ideas, but still allow him to go to Stockholm to claim the prize and air his views. This is feasible only if they are willing to relax to some degree the restraints under which artists and intellectuals now labor in the Soviet Union. But it is time these restraints were relaxed, for today the opposition has assumed a new form. For the first time it exists as a movement, conscious of itself, with specific objectives and specific tactics, and with a strategy of working within the norms of legality, openly and with full publicity. In a recent piece in *The Listener*, Stuart Hood suggests that the movement dates from the opposition to the trials of Daniel and Sinyavsky in 1966. The movement has a publication, *Chronicle of Current Events*, the first issue of which appeared in April 1968. It merely sets down, in a factual way, events not otherwise reported in the Soviet press—matters such as political trials, underground publications, and arrests and raids. The movement, known as the Action Group for Civil Rights, came into being, as an organized group, in May 1969.

Much of Hood's evaluation, in common with other writings on dissent in the USSR, is necessarily conjectural. But the fact is, as David T. Cattell of the University of California, Los Angeles, points out in *Current History*, that the Soviet Union has created one of the most highly educated elites in the world, and this elite is showing definite signs of demanding to be heard. It is one thing to put a few intellectuals in prison; it is something entirely different when key scientists and mathematicians and engineers begin to demand a larger measure of intellectual freedom. These academicians know about nuclear bombs and related matters of the highest priority.

But if scientists invest the protest with a new significance, the writers, as always in the USSR, have provided the initial leadership. The citation of the Nobel committee is precise and apt: Solzhenitsyn is being honored "for the ethical force with which he has pursued the indispensable traditions of Russian literature." From Leo Tolstoy to Solzhenitsyn, under the czars and under the commissars, writers have kept the tradition of artistic and intellectual freedom alive in Russia. It is notable that the official reaction to the Nobel award was not to attack the author but to complain that the Swedes employed political, not literary, criteria. The Soviet leaders should permit Solzhenitsyn to visit Stockholm on December 10, there to be honored in person. Whether they realize it or not, the Soviets face, as a recent issue of the *Chronicle* puts it, the "beginning of an irreversible process of self-liberation." Keeping Solzhenitsyn from Stockholm will not arrest this process.

Be It Known

The U.S. Senate, our most distinguished legislative body, has placed itself in a peculiar position by rejecting, 60 to 5, the findings of The Presidential Commission on Obscenity and Pornography that exposure to explicitly sexual material does not corrupt morals or lead to crime. The findings of any commission are a body of alleged facts, put together by presumed experts. One may dispute the facts and challenge the credentials of the experts, but the Senate has not so proceeded. Stimulated by Senator McClellan (D., Ark.), it declares the commission in cahoots with the merchants of smut (which reflects seriously on the judgment of President Johnson, who appointed its members), and then attempts to refute its findings by a show of hands. The Senate has decided—or believes its constituencies have decided—that pornography corrupts,

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and it will vote down anyone who presents evidence to the contrary.

When we are not denouncing the Russians as a menace to world tranquillity, we entertain ourselves by laughing at the näiveté of their logical procedures. There was much merriment, not long ago, over Lysenko's genetic theories, a body of pseudo-science imposed on the Russians by decree of Stalin. It was true because Stalin said it was true —how absurd. But now our own legislators have taken the same tack: obscenity produces perverts who commit horrid crimes, because the Senate says it does. Now who's laughing?

SWEDEN: ANTIDOTES TO WELFARE

CRAIG EISENDRATH

Mr. Eisendrath was a U.S. Foreign Service officer for seven years and has since taught at Harvard and M.I.T. His The Unifying Moment: The Psychological Philosophy of William James and Alfred North Whitehead *is to be published in February by Harvard University Press.*

Despite its loss of absolute power in the recent parliamentary elections (it took 46 per cent of the total vote), Olof Palme's Social Democratic Party still rules in Sweden. In office for almost four decades, it has made Sweden one of the most "progressive" countries in the world.

Not only has Sweden the highest per capita income in Europe but it also provides a range of services and protections, covering pregnancy, birth, housing, education, unemployment, health, old age and death, which makes it the model of a welfare state. The ruling Social Democrats have already enacted legislation that liberals in the United States could only hope to see passed in the next twenty years.

In such a country, political radicals are apt to be frustrated; what is there to strive for? In an attempt to answer this question, I talked to a number of Swedes, mostly young, on the left wing of the political spectrum.

But first, at Helsingör on the Danish coast, I met a young Swedish doctor named Bergman who invited me to stay with him and his family at his home in Lund. Like so many Swedes, he was articulate and confident of his values and judgment. As we talked, he seemed to me an unconscious spokesman for the existing institutions and values of his society.

The Bergmans' home was sparkling; it was light and airy and equipped with a variety of labor-saving devices. The kitchen might have been part of the American exhibit at Moscow. The house was what Le Corbusier called a "machine for living." The style was Swedish modern, broken up with a potpourri of art, as well as numerous objects of handsome Scandinavian craft. On the bookshelves was a sprinkling of world literature. (The Bergmans, like many educated Swedes, are polyglot.)

The doctor shared the housework with his wife, who, when she was not enjoying postnatal benefits from the state, worked at her own profession, physical therapy. For them, domestic chores meant neither the drudgery of the maid nor the inspiration of the accomplished cook or homemaker; they were simply a set of processes which they performed easily and well. The three Bergman children were being raised according to Dr. Spock, whose book is used all over Sweden. They played well by themselves and, if they seemed somewhat demanding of their parents' attention, the parents did not seem to mind. When the mother worked, a full-time girl came to the house. The Bergmans explained that centers are being built all over Sweden where, at low cost, working mothers may leave their preschool children. Unfortunately, one was not yet available for them.

Like so many Swedes, the Bergmans knew a great deal about the government welfare programs, both the coverage and the costs. If something seemed reasonable (Wasn't it reasonable that a mother should get support when she had to care for a newborn child? Wasn't it reasonable that young people should learn about sex in school?) then, of course, it should be done. Or, at least, it should be tried. If it didn't work, it could be altered or dropped. The attitude seemed essentially pragmatic; and, in the spirit of pragmatism, lacking any deep ideological underpinnings.

To be sure, Sweden still had problems. The Bergmans pointed to the heavy consumption of alcohol; the suicide rate was high. Some state services were performed in a mechanical or inconsiderate manner. But, the Bergmans believed, any such problems could be solved. For example, at Bergman's hospital, the doctors had held a series of meetings on how patients could be made to feel more at home. In addition, it had been decided to use the familiar form of address among all hospital employees from sweepers to surgeons, and to have everyone eat together: this would insure closer working relations and ease class distinctions. The Bergmans didn't resent their taxes, which came to 40 to 50 per cent of their income. The benefits spoke for themselves. They voted for the Social Democrats with equanimity.

Friends of the Bergmans showed the same optimistic attitude toward their world. Conversation among them moved easily, perhaps too easily, from one subject to another. Vietnam was a mistake, of course; Andy Warhol's movies were interesting but boring, wouldn't you say? A trip to Italy had been quite pleasant, except that the little girl became ill. Were the Swedes cold? Some, the Bergmans laughed. Dag Hammarskjöld? His mysticism was curious, the doctor thought, but quite a few Swedes turned out to be mystics. Of course, the Bergmans assured me, they were not mystics; they were atheists.

At least on the surface, the Bergmans seemed to be well adjusted, really without knots or wrinkles. The doctor was enthusiastic about his work at the hospital; he enjoyed his moderate hedonism; he was behind the welfare state.

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His was a secularism so complete that reality itself dissolved into it. With a protagonist such as Bergman, what need did Swedish society have for revolution?

Stockholm's Book Café sells books and pamphlets all across the Left spectrum: Trotsky on the Russian Revolution, Maoist tracts, Malcolm X, Che Guevara, Cleaver, Fanon, Marcuse, Abbie Hoffman, Jan Myrdal. Except for a few titles by Swedes, the books were foreign products. This balance suggests that Sweden is not a country that encourages theoreticians but rather practical economists and administrators. It means that the Left must for the most part look abroad for its leaders and ideologies.

At the Book Café, I was given the address of Café Marx, which serves not only as a meeting place for left-wing enthusiasts, as does the Book Café, but is also part of a complex of offices for left-wing groups. It is the place in Stockholm where such visitors as Stokely Carmichael and Bobby Seale put in appearances and meet the Swedish Left.

There I talked with a group of young people who were manning mimeograph machines, printing up posters and newsletters. One, perhaps 20 years old, wore a red Mao button. I asked him what a Maoist did in Stockholm, and received in reply a canned lecture on Maoist theory: one must unify the masses, gain control of the countryside, etc. He knew almost no history, was uninformed about matters Swedish, and was innocent of policy. He was a romantic, what Lenin might have called an "infantile leftist." I asked him whether, being a Maoist, he would torture an enemy of the working class to gain information, as the French had tortured in Algeria? Yes, he said with a stiff lip. His friend took up the question. The matter was serious, no longer a game with a tourist. "Would you really, Hans?" "Maybe," Hans said, and quickly returned to his task of cranking the mimeograph machine.

At Café Marx, I also met Ingemar Andersson, a Communist journalist with years of experience in East Germany and Czechoslovakia, as well as in Sweden. He had just returned from the Swedish Communist Party Congress, where a bid for power by the rightists had created serious divisions. He was exhausted and written out, but still maintained himself brilliantly, showing a rare grasp of history and a flair for economics. "The Social Democrats," he said, "have taken practically every one of their programs from us, without, of course, giving us credit for them. But now they have run out of gas. If they go further, they must change the real basis of the economic structure, the ownership of the means of production, which is still more than 90 per cent in private hands. They must do this because there will be no other way to generate money for programs and, at the same time, maintain investment. . . . That is why they will have to split, one faction urging retreat or standpattism, the other pushing radically, not for reform, which is now finished, but for social and economic revolution." Thus the logic of economics. Meanwhile the Communists have not emerged as a major party in Sweden, although in the recent elections they went from a post-Czechoslovakia low of 3 per cent to 4.9 per cent, and again hold the balance of power in the Riksdag. Traditionally they have cooperated with the Social Democrats, and are expected to do so again. Despite their slight increase in popularity, their appeal to the New Left is still fairly limited. One obvious reason is the differences of intellectual style.

The Young Philosophers offer still another outlet for leftist activity. Organized by Ake Löfgren, a philosophy professor at the University of Stockholm, it first engaged with other groups in staging anti-Vietnam rallies and raising money for the NLF. Now it confines itself to publishing learned journals on contemporary political and philosophical issues. Löfgren himself is a quiet man with an inward, ironic smile; his attitude seems reflected in the younger people around him. But the retreat from activism is not peculiar to this group; there is a general slackening of activity by the entire Swedish Left. One problem may be that it cannot find an issue close enough to home to engage its energies. So far, only while protesting the Vietnamese War have the various groups on the Left been able to make common cause.

The young people at the Arkiv Santal advise abandoning politics altogether. They are a group which operates exclusively on the local level, helping neighbors to work together for common interests. Their unacknowledged leader—they prefer to appear amorphous and leaderless—is Thomas Wieslander. He explained: "The less we say about politics, the better. We are interested in uniting people around real, tangible questions, not in dividing them by ideologies. . . . Socialism here in Sweden has been successful in achieving its goal, to create the economic base and the security for every man to enjoy his privacy. Now everyone has it—his own car, his own flat, his own pension, and so on. But he has no sense of community, no feeling for his neighbors; he is locked into himself and he is so convinced by the government and the manufacturers that he has everything he wants that he never questions it."

How does his group work? "Our way is not to come in and organize, but, as much as possible, to let the people do it themselves. For instance, if a park is needed in a neighborhood, we will send around little leaflets which might say, 'Do your children have an adequate place to play?' or 'Are your children tired of watching television in the afternoons?' Something like that, and then we find that someone will simply go ahead and call a meeting. At the meeting, we will have a person to help things along, to say, for example, 'Why doesn't everyone write four suggestions for what we might do to provide better play facilities for the children?' Then the people will talk about the suggestions everyone has written; and they will set up a committee to carry on the work."

Suppose the neighbors decide to create a playground on private property and the owners object? "If the people who actually live in the area want to make that playground, we try to help them. But we also talk to the police: we explain to them what we are doing, and frequently they let us go ahead. It is not like at Berkeley, with the People's Park; there the students and hippies sought trouble with the police. We do everything to avoid that."

How does the group form permanent neighborhood organizations? "They simply come about of themselves. There are meetings for this and for that, and then it seems foolish always to be calling meetings, so someone suggests getting together, say, every four weeks. The peo-

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ple themselves suggest it. And by then, they know they can get from us what help they need for printing leaflets or other techniques for organizing. But often by then they have learned to work together as a group."

The people at the Arkiv Santal are all volunteers; one full-time worker I spoke to was supported by his girl friend. Weislander said that Santal-started groups are now to be found in more than thirty neighborhoods and suburbs of Stockholm, that the movement is spreading outside the city. Characteristically for Sweden, Arkiv Santal is beginning to get government support, despite its occasionally illegal methods.

According to a director of one of Stockholm's youth centers, the welfare state has gone far enough. There are already too many people, he said, who do no real work at all, but cleverly manipulate the system for its benefits, and thus live better than some regular workers. He admitted that a community has not yet been created in Sweden, but what really depressed him was the way in which the government has robbed individuals of their initiative. It has become too easy to think of oneself as a beneficiary of various governmental programs, and too difficult to regard oneself as an individual directing one's own life. He spoke with pride of Swedes who have sent their benefits back to the government because they didn't need them. This man voted for the opposition Center Party, the leading party to the right of the Social Democrats.

An assistant director of Swedish Radio, Edward Ploman, pointed out that in the arts, government intervention tends to *emphasize* the community. Rather than simply providing its artists and craftsmen with stipends, as is often done elsewhere in Europe, it offers them positions in cultural enterprises, such as television, art schools, orchestras, etc. The government does not seek ideological uniformity in its artists, but it does encourage a sense of community responsibility. Ploman also pointed out that the government is not a blind machine, but is continually subject to correction at the local level. All an aggrieved citizen need do is register a complaint with the government inspector, the ombudsman, and any shortcoming will be fully and impartially investigated.

Still, between the individual and the government there appears to be no real bridge of community. Part of the problem may be simply overcentralization of governmental control; for example, the residents take no direct part in the administration of Stockholm's suburbs. But a Lutheran minister with whom I spoke felt that the problem is deeper, that the emotional basis for community is lacking. Even within families, he said—he is also a marriage counselor—men do not talk to their wives about emotional problems, problems of personal interaction. And when occasionally the wives attempt to raise such matters, the men simply turn off. In general, he continued, expressions of character, emotion and personality are avoided as vague and somewhat disquieting; and discussions of mere behavior often do not get to the heart of the problem. The same reticence about invoking character and emotion affects debates on national legislation. Their appearance in the discussion is enough to damn a proposal as insubstantial, as the introduction of "Socialist" or "Communist" might kill a bill in the United States.

Perhaps, the minister said, this attitude could be traced back to the mental habits of an underpopulated and cold country, a country originally of isolated farms. But, whatever the cause, he felt that without an emotional base, it would be difficult to achieve a real community of people working together and caring about one another.

To him, the "socialism" of Sweden was really a form of crypto-Marxism. "The idea," he said, "is that if you change the material base you will produce a new man. For example, all you need do is provide education in sexual techniques and then the emotional problems are supposed to disappear. Of course, some problems do go away, but many stay. To create a new man, more is needed than new techniques and changes in the living standard."

The position of the radical Left is that to create a new man, a revolution is needed. The question is, what kind of revolution? If it is to be a revolution of the classical Marxist type, a violent seizure of the means of production, one wonders whether it would really attack Sweden's basic problems. It seems more likely that the new man cannot be created by such a coup, but only by things which are not produced so quickly: a deeper insight into character and personality, a richer sense of community and a new challenge to artistic creativity.

In a family like the Bergmans', one finds what may be the man of the next fifty years—secular, enlightened and pragmatic. But he still lacks insight and the inner rhythm of art, and he is still without much sense of community, although he is reaching for it. If he is perhaps too willing to take the second best that the welfare state can offer, he does not seem impervious to arguments for something better.

For in Sweden, as in few other places in the world outside Scandinavia, there is a readiness to accept change through the democratic process. Given that openness, classical Marxist revolution might prove a romantic shot in the dark, and an unnecessary one. A revolution is needed, but perhaps it should take its time. It could evolve in a subtle dialogue between new institutional arrangements, either introduced by the government or by private groups, such as the Arkiv Santal, and individual character. Thus the citizen could grow into the revolution. His communal sense, for example, could develop as he gained communal experience. Who owned the means of production would, of course, be important, but it is a question that could be settled democratically and when the time was ripe.

The government is already moving in the direction of communal control of big business. At this writing, Palme is expected to appoint government representatives to the board of Sweden's twenty largest private companies in order to mesh company policies with national planning. It would be a typical Swedish move.

But the revolution must take place not only at the national level but at all levels below—familial, social, vocational and municipal. Enlightened social planning must be balanced by strong citizen participation, and supported by schools which help develop the new man. In the work of this revolution, the Swedish Left could find useful employment. □

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NOVEMBER STORM CENTERS

California: Jess Unruh, Populist

PHIL KERBY

Los Angeles

"You are a liar," said Mr. Salvatori to Mr. Unruh. Seeming to ignore this harsh observation, the gleeful Mr. Unruh continued speaking outside the curved, wrought-iron gate to Henry Salvatori's $700,000 residence in the Bel-Air Hills of Los Angeles. Salvatori, an oil exploration millionaire, a big financial supporter of Gov. Ronald Reagan, and hence an influential adviser to the Governor, was outraged. A man's castle is his home, and Jess Unruh, the Democratic candidate for governor of California, had rudely ventured to the very edge of the sanctuary.

On this sunshiny Labor Day morning, Unruh, followed by a pack of newsmen, appeared in the Salvatori driveway. The "new" Jess Unruh, who vows he has come full political circle from idealist to pragmatist to idealist, had a point to make, which essentially was that the rich play and the poor pay, and more so than ever in California under the Reagan regime. Alerted by neighbors to the happening in front of his home, Salvatori had bounded from the tennis court and joined Mrs. Salvatori behind the closed gate.

Thanks to Reagan's current tax-reform proposal, Unruh told the assembled reporters, miscellaneous onlookers and the glum Salvatoris, Salvatori would save $4,113 in taxes on his Bel-Air estate, while every renter in California with an annual income of $8,000 or less would have to kick in an extra $25 a year to "Henry Salvatori's tax-relief fund." As Unruh went on, Salvatori emerged from behind the gate and took a position at the candidate's elbow to inject a running commentary. Salvatori: "You are a liar, Mr. Unruh." Unruh plunged ahead with his speech. Salvatori: "Oh, you ass, you." Unruh went on about "the tax loopholes enjoyed by the rich." Salvatori: "I have no loopholes." Through the grill, Mrs. Salvatori cried out, "This is what you call cheap politics," and Salvatori turned to the newsmen: "Are you going to listen to this?" The newspaper reporters scribbled on, and, more significantly, the television cameras hummed without pause.

TV was what this implausible encounter was all about. Unruh, the powerful Speaker of the California Assembly when the Democrats controlled the state legislature, once had access to plenty of money to fuel the campaigns of faithful (to him) Democrats. This year he may have as little to spend as $750,000 which in California is starvation rations for a statewide try at high office. To counter Reagan's near monopoly on paid television, Unruh has been creating "special news events" to lure the cameras. The Salvatori confrontation turned out even better than expected—Unruh had no idea the Salvatoris would be at home when he called.

Unruh's principal target, Reagan, was not at home when the candidate again went calling one afternoon at the Governor's Sacramento residence—a place which, in a way, lent itself more cogently to Unruh's purposes than did the home of the Salvatoris. After Reagan's election in 1966, he abandoned the official executive mansion, a picturesque relic of the past but an old firetrap, and rented a house. Last year, when the owner wanted to sell, the Governor's inner circle of friendly millionaires took up a collection, bought the place for $150,000, spent another $40,000 to make it a little more livable, and rented it back to Reagan. Unruh has been using this thoughtful gesture to reinforce his argument that the Reagan administration is of the wealthy, for the wealthy, by the wealthy.

It is no accident that Unruh's tactics are a return to class-conscious politics in a state so long under the nonpartisan influence of Earl Warren. An Unruh aide confides, "We are running the first Populist [read class-conscious] campaign since Upton Sinclair."

The least attentive observer must agree, and Unruh's more conservative audiences react to him and his aspirations with great, and frequently pained, reserve. "I have nothing to offer the pocketbooks of people earning $30,000 a year or more," he told a bankers' seminar. And to a businessmen's club, he said:

> You know and I know that under our present tax system, we have financed through so-called business-expense deductions a privileged style of life for an elite caste. There is absolutely no justification for allowing such deductions as the cost of expensive night life and entertainment, the cost of lavish dining and drinking, the cost of yachts, the cost of club dues, boondoggling convention trips, and so on. Why should the taxpayers foot the bill every time a businessman spends a night on the town with a client? Why should we allow businessmen to write off the cost of a luxury yacht when the ordinary guy can't even deduct the cost of a second car he needs for commuting to work—or even the cost of his gasoline?

Unruh won few hearts and minds, or votes, on this occasion, even when he granted that "to businessmen and professionals, people in the upper tax brackets, some of this may sound pretty unpleasant." He capped the performance by casually wondering how many of his listeners had written off their lunch tickets as a business expense.

Other Unruh thrusts:

"Reagan first sold himself to the special interests and then the special interests sold him to the people."

"The Reagan administration is owned by the oil companies."

"We have to take much of the tax burden off the little guy and the middle guy."

The old Jesse Unruh (he has dropped the "e"), the son of a Texas sharecropper, was once the cartoonist's prototype of the political boss. Dubbed "Big Daddy," he weighed nearly 300 pounds, smoked cigars, drank con-

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sistently, and as Speaker of the Assembly for eight years, wheeled and dealed his way to power. Yet even during those years, there was another Unruh, the skilled lawmaker who reformed the creaking legislature, provided its members with research staffs and adequate salaries, undercut the influence of lobbyists, and often displayed a sympathetic approach to minorities and the poor.

Despite his success, "Big Daddy" began to pall on Unruh. He dieted away 100 pounds from his 5-foot 9-inch frame, quit the cigars, moderated the drinking, replaced the flashy suits. These changes became more apparent after Robert Kennedy's assassination, which had a powerful effect on Unruh. He began to worry whether such success was worth the candle. Now 48, Unruh said, as he started his effort to unseat the 59-year-old Reagan: " 'Big Daddy' ran the Assembly sometimes for the good of the Democratic Party, sometimes for the good of the people, and sometimes for his own political good. It was a game and the people are entitled to something better than games. 'Big Daddy' is gone now."

In a campaign he described from the start as an "impossible race," Unruh has been hoping that he can needle Reagan into debate, but Reagan, the master of hard politics and the soft sell, isn't having any. Unruh has been maneuvering for a confrontation along the campaign trail, trying at times to make his schedule cross that of the Governor; thus far, Reagan has sidestepped the opportunities thrust upon him.

Conrad, Los Angeles Times

"Unruh's Visit to Henry Salvatori's Bel-Air Estate Was a Brazen and Ruthless Invasion of Privacy!"

The Governor has his own, highly effective, though not unique, method of corralling votes. He will take an occasional cut at Unruh for "cheap demagogy," but spends most of his time identifying himself with the popular mood of frustration over seemingly unsolvable problems. Are taxes too high? Reagan is against high taxes. Is government too big? He is against big government. Are welfare costs out of sight? He is against the "welfare state," whatever that may mean in 1970 when the government subsidizes everything from defense industry to cancer research to cancer-causing tobacco growers. Are we fed up with riots on the campus? Reagan's fed "right up to here"—finger at his throat—and if it takes a "blood bath" to quell the students, it might be better to have it sooner than later. He instantly explained that "blood bath" was just a figure of speech, and considering the anger aroused by campus troubles, his horrendous choice of words may have cost him few votes.

Despite an occasional lapse, Reagan comes across with an air of unshakable innocence. Four years of office have evidently left unblemished the image of the honest, talented amateur, trying his level best and opposed only by conniving professional politicians. The *San Francisco Chronicle* says of Reagan: "A man of great personal sincerity and earnestness" with "a style and approach to public issues that most people seem to agree with."

Unruh concedes Reagan's popularity, and it causes him to seethe: "The way Reagan talks," Unruh told a news conference, "it's almost like he hasn't been Governor for the past four years. Look at the situation: taxes are up since he became Governor, the crime rate has gone up since he became Governor, but the way he talks you'd think he had no responsibility for any of this. It's almost as though we were running his 1966 campaign all over again. . . . Things really have gotten worse for the little man, the average man in California under Reagan."

Things *have* gotten worse in California. In the past four years, welfare rolls have grown by 660,000 or nearly 57 per cent; welfare costs have gone up by nearly $500 million, or about 68 per cent; taxes have nearly doubled in the past decade. The combined county, state and federal welfare costs amount to $2.138 billion of which the counties contribute $382 million, the state $673 million, and the federal government pays the balance.

Notwithstanding these huge expenditures, the federal government has accused the state of ducking its share of welfare costs. California has not increased its maximum payment to those qualifying for Aid to Families with Dependent Children since 1966, and on September 11, a federal judge ordered the state to raise the maximum by 30 per cent within sixty days, or risk the loss of some, if not all, the $1 billion it now receives annually from Washington. Reagan appealed that ruling, and the almost invariably genial former governor, Edmund G. Brown, contemptuously characterized his position as a refusal "to give widows and orphans a cost-of-living increase."

Tax-supported education, largest item in the state budget, 27.6 per cent, is being squeezed. A few figures suggest the size of the problem. There are 104,000 students in the nine-campus university system, 244,000 in the nineteen four-year state colleges, 725,000 in the ninety-two junior colleges and 4.5 million children in the primary grades and the high schools. The state's share of education costs has dropped in four years from 38.4 per cent to 34.8 per cent, throwing more of the burden on

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local property owners, whose taxes jumped about 50 per cent in the past decade. Historically, the state paid 50 per cent of education costs in California. Hard-breathing local taxpayers are consistently voting down school money issues.

All these troubles cannot be attributed to Governor Reagan. The war in Vietnam, inflation, a sluggish economy—all have had a heavy impact—but there remains the question of priorities. Put simply: what resources are available through taxes? How are the taxes to be levied? How are they to be spent?

Unruh proposes a gradual phasing out of all taxes on private homes, elimination of the state's oil-depletion allowance, dropping or sharply reducing the tax preference on capital-gains income, removal of home-office tax exemptions for insurance companies, curtailment of "business-expense" deductions, and a withholding system for personal income-tax collections. In answer to a question on state expenses, Unruh suggested a cut in freeway construction—a revolutionary proposal in California, where the automobile ranks as an icon only below the flag. "We need to restore," Unruh added, "some degree of balance between the tax burden on consumers and the tax burden on business." The state's biggest single source of revenue is the sales tax, which rakes in 30.2 per cent of all revenue collected, and penalizes those least able to pay.

There is little evidence to indicate that Unruh is getting his message across to the lower-income groups whose cause he is espousing. His "impossible race" is still not much less than impossible.

The odds are about fifty-fifty in the U.S. Senate contest between Sen. George Murphy and Rep. John Tunney, his Democratic opponent and son of the old heavyweight champion. Murphy, twinkly and gray-haired at 68, is a spectacularly common common man. He was hurt politically last spring by exposure of his secret financial relationship with the right-wing Patrick Frawley, Jr., of Technicolor. When elected to the Senate in 1964, Murphy was on Technicolor's payroll at $40,000 a year. After going to Washington, he quietly remained a "consultant" with Technicolor at $20,000 a year and, in addition, collected $4,000 a year as a company director. Fringe benefits also were attached. Murphy had a Technicolor credit card for cross-country trips, and the indulgent company paid half the rent on the Senator's $530-a-month Washington apartment. It was a handsome arrangement for the handsome ex-hoofer and actor turned courtly statesman.

While Murphy was grappling with the public relations aspects of these revelations, he unexpectedly ran into opposition in the Republican primary. Norton Simon of Los Angeles, a nontypical, inner-directed multimillionaire Republican, first tried to persuade Robert Finch to quit Washington and run against Murphy. Finch nibbled, but scented disaster and pulled back in terror. On the last day for filing, Simon himself jumped in. Through elaborate use of the media, but without much organization, Simon gathered 600,000 votes in just seventy-two days. He came nowhere near defeating Murphy, but his thrust was damaging and may have softened the Senator a bit for this fall's assault by Tunney. Tunney, 36, is a moderate in the Kennedy mold and with the Kennedy accent. Like many members of both parties, he is cooling off rapidly on the war in Vietnam. In the primary, he defeated peace-mongering Rep. George Brown, who had made the costly mistake of being right on the war from the start, and who was therefore nicely tagged as a radical. He waved his defeat aside and is supporting Tunney.

Other political battles in California scarcely break into the news outside the candidates' home precincts. Here and there, a campaign is defining significant issues. Democrat Gary Hart is attempting to unseat Charles Teague, a sixteen-year veteran representing the Thirteenth Congressional District, which includes Santa Barbara and Ventura Counties and a tip of Los Angeles County to the south. Hart, a 27-year-old schoolteacher who managed Rep. Allard Lowenstein's election to Congress last year in New York, is a peace candidate who also is emphasizing the environmental issue. After the big oil spill on the Santa Barbara coast, this issue grabs everyone, from Left to Right. Teague, who at one time thought it an excellent idea to bomb Haiphong harbor to end the war instantly, believes he is in no danger and spends much of his time in Washington. The district is conservative, and Teague is probably correct.

Wilson C. Riles, a black, is attempting to oust his former boss, Max Rafferty, the state's right-wing Superintendent of Public Instruction. Riles's campaign is all uphill, although Rafferty, since his defeat by U.S. Sen. Alan Cranston, has been much less rambunctious. Rafferty is suspicious of sex education in the schools, loves the three Rs, and is morose about most of what has happened in the country since the 18th century. He remains popular in Southern California, where the votes are. Ronald V. Dellums, another black, beat an incumbent Democrat for the Congressional nomination in the district that includes Berkeley. He is expected to win in a heavily Democratic area against an obscure opponent, despite his race and a stiffening attitude toward the campus.

Former Governor Brown is supporting Unruh and, ignoring their past enmity, Brown really wants Unruh to win. But the ex-Governor is keeping a much closer watch on the race for Secretary of State, where the Democratic candidate is industriously pursuing this relatively minor post. Brown thinks the 32-year-old candidate just might be governor of California some day. His name is Edmund G. Brown, Jr.

With California passing New York and moving into first place in political power, the election stakes are high. Democrats have a 54-to-40 per cent voter-registration advantage over Republicans, but Democrats are much

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more casual than Republicans about crossing party lines. If the GOP can maintain its narrow control of the state legislature, the Republicans, through reapportionment, will next year be able to carve out new political districts to their advantage. Democrats now outnumber Republicans, twenty-one to seventeen, in California's Congressional delegation, which will gain five seats as a result of the latest census. A sufficiently ingenious job of gerrymandering might enable the Republicans to pick up several or all of them.

The mood in the state is an uncertain mixture of apathy, frustration, anger, fear and exhaustion. There is a widespread, nagging conviction that exchanging one set of politicians for another would make little difference. The blacks in the ghettos remain deeply alienated, and there is a growing political consciousness and militancy among the Chicanos, the large and once passively resigned Mexican-American population. The killing by sheriff's deputies of Ruben Salazar, a *Los Angeles Times* columnist, in the east Los Angeles riot last August stirred anger that persists through the community. [See "Overkill at 'The Silver Dollar'" by Enrique Hank Lopez, *The Nation,* October 19.] There is one staple in the public attitude: mounting rancor against student riots, black militants and rising crime; and every candidate has a set speech on "law and order."

Nobody seems to have the answer to Vietnam, environmental pollution (this is the worst smog season in Los Angeles in fourteen years) and civil disorders. Anything can happen in this volatile atmosphere, and California politicians privately hedge their predictions. But one of the state's most astute trend and politician watchers is not quite willing to write off Jess Unruh. The reason: unemployment is up to 7 per cent, the highest level in California in ten years, and 1.5 per cent higher than the national average. In California's Republican heartland, Orange County, the figure is a dismal 6.7 per cent, and in neighboring Los Angeles County, 6.6 per cent.

A man's concern for his job slices across all other issues, and if a depression psychology takes hold of the state we may yet see Ronald Reagan back on the movie lots. □

Tennessee: Gore vs. the White House

KELLY LEITER
Mr. Leiter, formerly a newspaper man in the South and Midwest, is now on the faculty of the University of Tennessee.

Knoxville

A large sign on U.S. 11, inside the city limits of Sweetwater, in east Tennessee, announces boldly that "Birds of a Feather Flock Together." It was put up by Sen. Albert Gore's opponent, and it lists the names of Sens. Edward Kennedy, George McGovern, J. William Fulbright and Gore. The first three names are roughly 4 inches high; Gore's name is in 8-inch letters. The remainder of the sign, which stands some 6 feet, says "Elect Bill Brock" in letters almost 2 feet high.

An advertisement that has appeared in several of the state's daily newspapers shows a picture of Gore at the fund-raising party given for him by Democratic leaders in the Senate at Kennedy's Virginia estate. Mr. Kennedy can be seen in the background. The ad was paid for by a group reportedly Republican in its politics but not directly connected with the Tennessee GOP.

It is no accident that Gore, who is seeking re-election to his fourth term in the Senate, is being associated in campaign publicity with other Senate liberals. The Republican strategy is to label him a man "too liberal to represent Tennessee" any longer.

His opponent in the August primary, the Governor's press secretary who had never before run for public office, said so and collected some 238,767 votes, just about 30,000 less than the veteran Senator. His Republican opponent in the coming general election, Rep. William Brock, seemed to spend as much time campaigning against Gore in the Republican primary as he did against his own opponents. Since winning that election 4 to 1, Brock has stepped up his attack against Gore's "liberal" record, and to give Brock as much help as possible, Vice President Spiro Agnew came to Tennessee on September 23 and blasted Gore as one "who voices the tired and boring clichés of defeated liberalism."

The Vice President also charged that Gore was "the leading beneficiary" of money being raised for "radical liberals" by such men as Senator McGovern. He chided Gore for calling himself the "No. 1 Target" of the Nixon Administration and said: "There have been complaints that Bill Brock has invited his friends into Tennessee to address the people here. Well, let me say that Bill Brock is not ashamed of the President and the Vice President of the United States. They are his friends and he has welcomed them to his home state of Tennessee. But when the incumbent Senator comes home, you do not see him bringing down to Memphis his radical liberal friends he hobnobs with up in Manhattan and Georgetown, because these friends would not sit very well with the people of Tennessee."

On the liberal issue, Gore, of course, disagrees. He sees this election as a choice "between a progressive Democrat and a reactionary Republican." He has said: "The real issue of the campaign is my record as contrasted with Rep. William Brock's record. It is a question of who has represented and who has misrepresented the people of Tennessee. Congressman Brock has continually voted against legislation which would be beneficial to Tennesseeans—funds for education, for mental health research and rehabilitation, for community hospitals and nursing homes and for highway construction and beautification."

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Congressman Brock's charges against Gore seem to make sectionalism and even patriotism, as well as liberalism, major issues in this campaign. "Senator Gore has consistently turned his back on the people of Tennessee with his positions on the war, his opposition to Southern judges nominated for the Supreme Court, and his vote for gun control," Brock declares at almost every campaign stop.

Although Gore has said he did not see "how patriotism could become an issue in the campaign," he more recently acknowledged that some of Brock's comments about his opposition to the war were a challenge to his patriotism. For example, Brock told cheering party workers at Memphis: "I pledge that I will stand behind every boy we put in uniform, no matter where he is in the world." He added that he would not have voted, as Gore did, for the Cooper-Church amendment "to tie the hands of the President in Southeast Asia."

Such statements have caused some persons to question Gore on his stand. In reply to one such question from a college student, he said he has opposed the policies that sent American soldiers into Vietnam, but that he has "voted 100 per cent for every measure to give them the money and material to do the job."

Gore is seeking to counteract all efforts to paint him as too liberal and perhaps insufficiently patriotic by stressing Brock's voting record on issues of prime interest to voters in Tennessee. He has recently distributed throughout the state reprints from the *Congressional Record* showing that on fifty issues "important to Tennessee," Gore and a majority of Tennessee Congressmen of both parties voted Yes. And so did Gore's fellow Senator, Republican Howard Baker, 90 per cent of the time. But Brock voted Nay.

Gore brings this up at almost every political stop. He cites his own record and then asks: "How did Congressman Brock vote? He voted No, no, no, no, fifty times no. He's Mr. No. No." And when a Republican National Committee publication recently labeled Gore as the "big spender" of the week, the Senator sent an open letter to the President—and the press—saying:

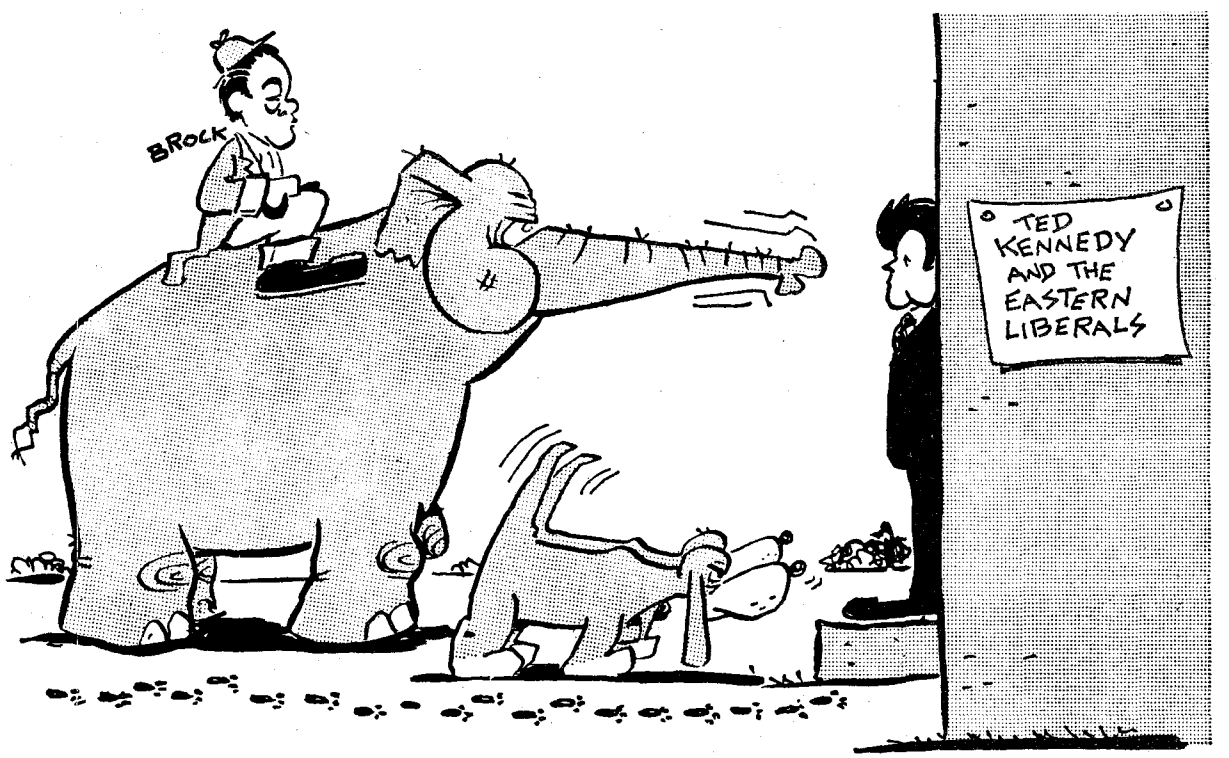
"This official publication has charged me with supporting anti-poverty programs, housing programs, programs to improve education, and veterans' benefits and Appalachia, all of which President Nixon has vetoed. To this I plead guilty."

How does all this campaign rhetoric register with voters in Tennessee? A sampling of voters across the state brings such comments as these:

"I think Brock's main sin is one of omission rather than commission. In reference to voting records, Gore has Brock beat so bad it's pitiful. I don't give a damn about the Southern judges Gore voted against either—let's face it, even Carswell's own state didn't want him. The whole campaign boils down to whether or not the candidate is in favor of Nixon or against him." The speaker, a middle-aged lawyer, added emphatically that he was for Nixon and so was Brock; so Brock will get his vote.

A few blocks away, a woman voter was asked what she thinks about the candidates: "I think it is about time people realized that everybody should get a fair shake from their government . . . not just rich whites and campaign workers. I'm for Gore. I think Brock is just trying to make himself look good in Nixon's eyes."

Brock has characterized Gore as remote from the people of the state and, by implication at least, connected with social unrest domestically because of his opposition to the war. Apparently this got through to an officer in



Daniel, The Knoxville Journal

The Fox Hunt

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the Shelby County (Memphis) sheriff's office. "I don't like Brock," he said. "But I think he's the lesser of two evils. I have a kid at Memphis State University who has grown hair down to his shoulders almost and gave me a peace sign the other day when I told him to get it cut. He keeps telling me how great Gore is, and if that's what Gore is for, then I'm not."

A telephone operator swore and then said that "if it wasn't for Gore's stupidity and liberal attitude for so long, I don't think there would be so many college riots in Tennessee. He just keeps egging it on." (During the 1969-70 school year the state was relatively free of major campus disruptions.)

On several major campuses young Gore partisans are urging radicals to "cool it" until after the election. And the Senator obviously had that in mind when he issued a special plea for calm and politeness when Gen. William Westmoreland visited Knoxville early in October to attend the Army-University of Tennessee football game. An off-campus newspaper produced by persons active in various protests also urged students not to picket or otherwise oppose Westmoreland's presence. The General's visit went off without a hitch—except that the Army team was soundly trounced.

But early in October a rumor began circulating that Mr. Nixon will be in Knoxville for the Tennessee-Florida game on October 24, and will have Congressman Brock at his side. When the President visited the Billy Graham crusade here in May, he was picketed and booed, and a number of students and several faculty members were arrested. Gore's people fear that a second visit from Nixon could touch off still larger campus disorders, to the disadvantage of their candidate.

A cafeteria manager referred to Brock as an "apple-pie flag waver," along with a few other phrases. He said he thought Gore should be given a chance to finish the job he started. But a dock worker said he thought it was "going too far" when Gore "voted against Nixon just for the hell of it. I didn't mind too much when he voted against Haynsworth, but when he voted against Carswell too, it began to show him for what he is."

And another man said he was against bussing kids to school. He associated this with Gore and said: "I voted for Gore once, but I think he's outlived his usefulness, beginning about midway through the last term."

While Gore was a heavy favorite among Negro voters in the primary, feelings about him in the black community are mixed. For example, one Negro woman told an interviewer, "I'm for Gore, because maybe he'll help get us out of Vietnam, and I think he's better for the black people." But a much younger black man, an insurance adjuster, said: "I'm for Brock. I think Brock is in favor of our business more than Gore. Not only that, but I have a son in Vietnam, who is proud of his country and glad to fight for it. I can't see how Gore can consider pulling everybody out after everything that's already happened over there."

Negro leaders are reportedly planning to invite the Rev. Ralph David Abernathy of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference to the state to spur the drive for Negro votes. Political observers feel that Gore would on the whole benefit from any such move. However, there is some feeling that too great a display of black support might alienate a segment of the voters.

Brock's repeated charge that Gore is out of touch with the people of Tennessee was endorsed by a well-educated woman in Oak Ridge, home of the Atomic Energy Commission's National Laboratory. She complained that as a member of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, the Senator had not fought hard enough. "He just didn't do his homework," she said. "But I am going to vote for him again because I think Tennessee needs a representative on that committee." Speaking recently in Oak Ridge, Gore reminded his audience of the position he holds on the committee and told them, "I'm in a good position to help the atomic energy programs for Oak Ridge."

Like many major candidates, Gore recently wrote a book outlining his years of service and his political philosophy. Unfortunately, when the news services sent out stories about the book, *Eye of the Storm,* they chose to emphasize that Gore wrote in favor of full diplomatic, cultural and trade relations with Red China. Communism is a major worry of many voters in the state, and the timing of the book's release was perhaps a bit unfortunate, because during this campaign, the Senator has tended to play down his interest in international affairs.

From the beginning of the primary, Gore was rated a sure loser. Many local and most national political writers wrote him off, sensing, perhaps, a surge of conservatism across the nation. However, some political observers are now reading the signs differently. Several national political writers see Gore gaining on Brock, and reports that the distinguished, gray-haired Senator is being given 10-to-8 odds by bookies in the central part of the state encourage many of his followers. They are also cheered by word that in some of the south-central counties betting men are calling it an even race. There are rumors that informal polls conducted by the Republicans show the two candidates running as close as fifty votes.

The Democrats outnumber Republicans in Tennessee by five to three, so if everyone voted a straight party ticket Gore would have no problem. But there is a third candidate in the race, Dr. Cecil Pitard of Knoxville, the American Party nominee, and no one forgets the last Presidential election when the Democratic candidate ran a poor third.

Dr. Pitard has been overshadowed by both Gore and Brock, and few expect him to make much of a showing. But there is still the question of where all those voters who cast their lot with George Wallace in 1968 will jump this time. Wallace finished a strong second to Nixon. Both major candidates acknowledge that the voters who went for Wallace two years ago "could have an important bearing on the outcome." As a rule they are not folk who cotton to so-called liberals; often they are sectional in outlook; and they vigorously support the President's war efforts. So if Brock can make liberalism, sectionalism and patriotism stick as major issues, his chance of overcoming the imbalance between Republican and Democratic votes will be greatly enhanced.

Both candidates are using television commercials pro-

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duced by professional image makers. Brock tried at first to capitalize on the fact that Gore had hired an "outsider" to shore up his image at home; but it was then revealed that Brock had his own "outside" image maker, and he dropped the issue. In both cases, some observers question the cunning of the image makers. One commercial, for example, shows Gore on a white horse; many Gore supporters thought it a bit too much. And a Brock commercial shows him out hunting with a group of friends. It caused one loyal Republican to lament: "There goes the votes of the lovers of wildlife." Gore is said to have spent only $90,000 on television so far; Brock is thought to have invested around $300,000. Gore's campaign headquarters claims it doesn't have much more money to spend.

Brock, at 39, has been in the House eight years, but his political prestige in Tennessee still cannot match that of Senator Gore, who spent fourteen years in the House before being elected to the Senate. So Brock relies heavily on his publicized closeness to President Nixon, a highly organized campaign operation, and heavy television expenditures to overcome the discrepancy.

The 62-year-old Gore is a prodigious campaigner. He has covered hundreds of towns and crossroad hamlets in the state. On a person-to-person basis, he comes across exceedingly well. As one veteran Republican Party worker in east Tennessee said: "I don't hear much talk about this liberalism and patriotism bit among my friends, so don't count Albert Gore out. He's running scared, but he doesn't need to. He has shaken more hands across this state than any ten politicians I know. That counts with Tennessee voters."

And then talking like a man whose own candidate had lost to Brock in the primary, he added a bit wistfully: "But if we had a stronger candidate—well, it might be a different story." □

Illinois: Stevenson Fights TV

EDWARD S. GILBRETH
Mr. Gilbreth is a staff writer for the Chicago Daily News, *specializing in state and local government.*

Chicago

Shortly before Labor Day, hundreds of thousands of Illinois voters, watching reruns of *I Love Lucy* or other end of the summer fare in the comfort of their living rooms, caught their first glimpse of a television commercial that foreshadowed the most virulent campaign in recent state politics.

On the screen they saw a still photo of the bearer of one of the proudest names in Illinois history, Adlai E. Stevenson III, looking for all the world as though he had lost some of his marbles. A voice began asking questions. "Why doesn't Adlai Stevenson speak out against campus rioters?" "What does Adlai Stevenson have against the FBI and the Chicago police?" With each question, the camera jerked closer to its subject's face, bringing to the viewer an ever larger close-up of Stevenson's wide-open eyes, enclosed by owllike glasses. A dramatic musical chord punctuated each question, accompanied by a large question mark superimposed on the scene.

The questions built to the climactic one. "Why doesn't Adlai Stevenson come out and admit he's a liberal?" By now the eyes dominated the screen, and the mystery voice delivered its exit line: "Why? Ask your Democratic precinct committeeman." Those who watched closely caught a brief printed legend disclosing that the commercial was being shown to urge the election of U.S. Sen. Ralph Tyler Smith (R., Ill.). Adlai's crime, in this year of Agnew, is that he is the Democratic candidate running against the conservative Smith.

A few weeks later, another Smith-for-Senator commercial focused on a newspaper headline over a story about Stevenson's reaction to the first Moratorium Day last October. "Adlai Lauds Peaceful Dissenters," the headline said. Then, the reassuring voice of Ralph Tyler Smith: "The enemy will not take comfort in my words," the voice said; the emphasis was on the word, "my." Another commercial (not yet in use at this writing) reportedly shows a policeman explaining why he could never vote for Adlai Stevenson: the policeman's brother, also a policeman, had been fatally shot in the line of duty.

These commercials have sought to create the impression that Stevenson is a coddler of criminals, an ally of bomb throwers, an enemy of lawmen, and a rallying point for revolutionaries. Illinois had not witnessed such venomous television advertising since 1964, when the Democratic National Committee trotted out its electronic image of Barry Goldwater as a trigger-happy goof who really wouldn't care if an atom bomb destroyed a young girl picking petals off a sunflower. The Democrats withdrew that ad after Hubert Humphrey disowned it; Ralph Tyler Smith shows no such inclination, despite the uproar his television assault is still creating in the state.

The question remained: would this harsh personal attack cripple Stevenson's candidacy? Would the voters buy this grotesque portrait of a scholarly man, nearly 40, whose father, their late governor, twice ran for the Presidency? Whose grandfather was a prominent state official and whose great-grandfather was Vice President under Grover Cleveland?

The preliminary evidence indicates that the attack has hurt Stevenson's campaign badly, but as yet not enough to defeat him. The effect is remarkable, considering that Stevenson, as a legislator, wrote the anti-bomb statute now in effect in Illinois. Beyond that, he has always drawn a distinction between peaceful dissent and violence.

One measure of the TV campaign is the polls privately undertaken for both the Democratic and Republican organizations. They still show Stevenson ahead; they also show a sharp drop from his early lead, which

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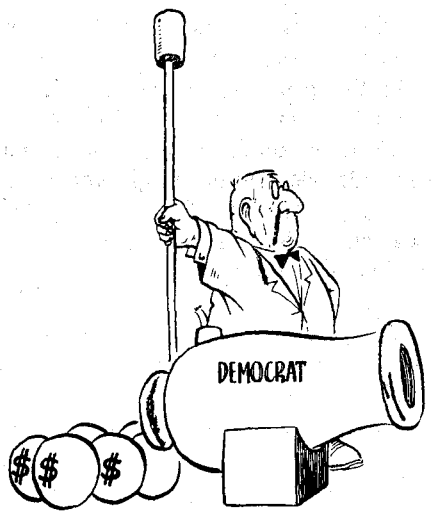

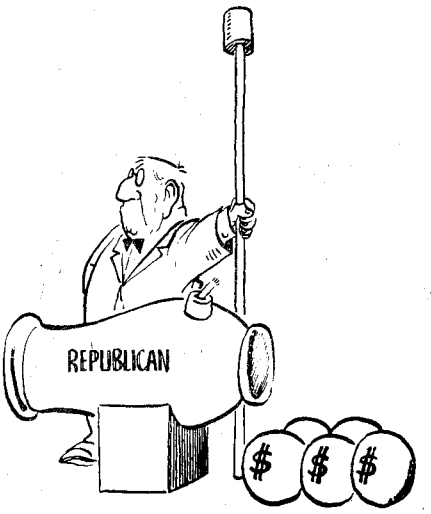

Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

one poll last spring indicated to be more than 2 to 1. At the same time, the new polls reflect an increase in the recognition of Smith's name among Chicago area voters. Smith, 54, represented the downstate Alton area in the Illinois House for fifteen years, and was House Speaker last fall when Gov. Richard B. Ogilvie appointed him to the vacancy created by Everett M. Dirksen's death. However, Smith was a near nonentity in Chicago and northern Illinois at the time of the appointment.

The effectiveness of the TV slurs can be measured also by the contortions of Stevenson and his top campaign strategists to "prove" that the new Adlai is not "liberal." (Neither was his father, really, although his admiring legions believed him to be, and their hero did not flinch from the label.) Stevenson's downstate campaign manager, Lt. Gov. Paul Simon, called a press conference to assail the opening Smith TV ad, the one that posed the question, "Why doesn't Adlai Stevenson come out and admit he's a liberal?" Simon was asked, Is Adlai a liberal? Evading a direct answer, Simon employed intriguing logic to suggest that by at least one yardstick (the expenditure of public funds), Republican Governor Ogilvie was a "liberal," and by the same gauge Adlai was a "conservative." The question was put to Stevenson on a recent national TV interview show, and the candidate said he preferred to be thought of as "progressive," not "liberal."

Perhaps the most telling measure of the TV ads' effect is the increased defensiveness of Stevenson's campaign. He has been forced to emphasize, again and again, his record in behalf of "law and order" when he was a state legislator in the mid-1960s. He has had to denounce radicals and extremists, of both the Right and Left, to an extent dangerously close to protesting too much. And he has felt impelled (finally, to the relief of his staff) to grapple directly with Smith.

"I've about lost patience with all the lies and insults in this campaign," Stevenson angrily told Democratic precinct workers at the party's state convention in Chicago on September 29. He denounced Smith as "a frantic man . . . a desperate man who will say and do anything . . . who runs with the extremists of the Right." And Stevenson didn't hesitate to liken the Smith "extremists" to "the bombers, the arsonists, the Panthers."

Previously, Stevenson's pitch had been softer. He had commented that Smith and other Republicans around the country appear to be campaigning for sheriff. Smith had risen to that bait and declared: "As long as people are being mugged, raped and murdered on the streets of our city, I will fight as hard as I can to end this tragedy of violence. If this makes me resemble a candidate for sheriff, I am proud to wear that title."

On October 1, Stevenson responded with a thoughtful and well-researched speech on crime statistics, the roots of lawlessness, the need for beefing up the quality and quantity of law enforcement. But the speech was not without its own appeal to emotionalism, coupled with a sledgehammer attack on Smith:

> Crime is a woman afraid to walk from bus stop to apartment on a dark winter evening. It is waking in the night to hear the footstep of a stranger. . . . It is asking yourself why someone is walking so closely behind you on a lonely street. Just recently a returning Vietnam veteran was brutally murdered near the chess pavilion in Lincoln Park. He had survived Vietnam. He did not survive a walk in the park. I know that park, that chess pavilion, well. It is close to my house. It is where my children play. . . .

After referring to Smith as a captive of the radical Right, Stevenson went on: "In 1932 a young man declared: 'The streets of our country are in turmoil. The universities are filled with students rebelling and rioting. Communists are seeking to destroy our country. Russia is threatening us with her might and the republic is in danger. Yes, danger from within and without. We need law and order.' That young man was Adolf Hitler."

By inclination and heritage Adlai III shies away from abuse in public dialogue. Like his father, he believes "there are more important things than winning elections." And like his father, he first reacts to adversity with a wry blend of grimness and humor. (For instance, after seeing the first Smith TV ad, with its unflattering mug shot, Stevenson told a staff aide. "If they had asked me, I would have given them a better photo.") To find himself forced into a position where he equates Adolf Hitler with his opponent (and Adlai knows that the subtlety of any qualifier is lost on the public) must be abhorrent to a candidate who despises blood-and-guts politics. Some advisers, perhaps all of them, rationalize that Stevenson

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is fighting fire with fire. A few of Stevenson's friends, however, believe he has allowed Smith's campaign to set the level of his own, to narrow the contest into a single-issue campaign.

Stevenson borrowed from Smith the not original technique of accusing by not accusing. "President Nixon has been President for two years, and each year the crime rate has risen," Stevenson said on October 2 in a speech to the Illinois State Chamber of Commerce. "This does not mean that President Nixon is soft on crime. The state that led the nation in violent crime in 1968 and 1969 was Maryland—and Spiro Agnew was Maryland's Governor in 1968 and our Vice President in 1969. This does not mean that Spiro Agnew is soft on crime." In a variation of this, Stevenson ends each sentence, ". . . but I don't accuse President Nixon (or Spiro Agnew) of being soft on crime." Such utterances probably fall within the bounds of allowable campaign rhetoric; this does not make them admirable.

Ralph Tyler Smith started the name-calling last summer. In a remark quoted in newspapers throughout the state, the Senator said that every time he read something Stevenson had said, "I see red—and you can take that anyway you want to." Reporters returned to that remark at a press conference Smith called a few days later at the Holiday Inn in Springfield. Did the Senator believe his opponent to be a Communist sympathizer? "No, of course not," Smith answered, with a backward toss of his silver-thatched head. He broke into a half laugh, half chuckle, seemingly incredulous that anyone could infer that he harbored any such notions about good ol' Adlai. But what was that about "seeing red . . ."? Smith interrupted the follow-up question with a friendly raise of his right arm. Without denying the accuracy of the quote, he launched into an elaborate discussion about how easy it is for a pencil-and-paper reporter to catch only part of a quote, or all of a quote removed from its larger context, and to impart unintentionally an erroneous meaning when that quote appears in a particular sequence of sentences in the reporter's story.

Ralph Tyler Smith represents the end product of any advertising agency's campaign to whip up an immaculately packaged candidate. He looks good, like a Senator should. He is tall and straight-shouldered enough to resemble a statesman, a natty dresser, sporting a large diamond ring on his right hand (gauche for the best country-club circles, but a big item among women at suburban teas). Crow's-feet help his eyes sparkle when he roars with laughter. How can a voter distrust anyone with a healthy sense of humor?

Smith developed a reputation as a moderate-to-conservative legislator in Springfield. A lawyer with a war record as a Navy gunboat commander in World War II, a bank director and board chairman in his home town of Alton, a good Presbyterian, with a wife and married daughter, his background no less than his experience in politics shaped his ideology in the image of middle-class heartland America. The 47-year-old housewife from Dayton, Ohio, would like him.

The affable Smith owes his Senate appointment to a decision he made three years ago. Richard B. Ogilvie, then president of the Cook County board, sought his party's nomination for governor. Ogilvie faced stiff downstate competition in the primary, House Speaker Smith sided with him—and he won by a narrow margin.

When Senator Dirksen died, Smith was a natural choice as Governor Ogilvie's interim appointee. It was too early to speculate on how well Smith would do in 1970, because it was anyone's guess whom the fragmented and disheartened Illinois Democrats would pick to run against him.

That is where Chicago Mayor Richard J. Daley entered the act. Daley is not only the last of the big-city bosses, he is—and always has been—the most politically astute of the lot. Hours after learning of Dirksen's death, Daley journeyed to Libertyville, where Stevenson, widely regarded as the Mayor's nemesis, was holding an outdoor Democratic rally on the family farm. Daley's appearance sent shock waves through the thousands of Democratic liberals (yes, "liberals") and independents gathered at the farm. Stevenson had become the hero of the anti-Daley wing of the party since shortly after the 1968 Democratic National Convention, when Stevenson attacked the more rambunctious of the Mayor's club-wielding cops as "storm troopers in blue." Stevenson had also attacked the Mayor's potent party machine as an "archaic feudal structure."

Daley's pilgrimage to the Stevenson farm was as unexpected as it was seemingly unfathomable. But not so unfathomable in the light of two concurrent events: the death of Dirksen, and the secret polls taken by the Mayor that showed Adlai to be the strongest challenger the Democrats could field for any state office. Daley said kind words about Stevenson at the farm, and there were cheers and tears of joy.

The Mayor's designation of Stevenson served a twin purpose: it foreclosed the possibility of a costly primary contest in which Stevenson might seek nomination to Dirksen's seat against a Daley-sponsored candidate; it also assured the Democrats of running their strongest candidate. Mayor Daley has never been accused of blind adherence to ideology; he wants his party to win every election—and he could forgive Stevenson's past lapses into independence for the sake of a Democratic comeback in Illinois this year.

Stevenson has already proved his vote-getting potential. In 1964, he outpolled 235 other candidates of both parties in a statewide at-large election of the entire Illinois House. In 1966, when U.S. Senate candidate Charles H. Percy led a Republican resurgence in Illinois, Stevenson, as a candidate for state treasurer, was the sole Democratic survivor of the GOP tide.

Percy's own role in the present campaign has been curious. In the Senate, Percy fought his party's President on a number of key issues—the Haynsworth and Carswell appointments, the Anti-Ballistic Missile program, the Supersonic Transport program. Facing a probable primary fight in 1972, Senator Percy has repeatedly endorsed Smith. But the Stevenson forces regard Percy as a positive factor in their own campaign. Stevenson himself tells voters, "Illinois deserves *two* independent Senators," the implication being that the Republican Percy is all right,

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but that Republican Smith is the President's stooge.

Smith resents his characterization as a White House puppet. He originally came out against the Haynsworth nomination, but changed his mind. He supports most Nixon policies, particularly on Vietnam, but he said he has not made up his mind yet on the SST program.

Stevenson's residency in Chicago is another problem. Both Percy and Governor Ogilvie are also from Cook County, and Stevenson's victory would give the Chicago area the state's top three offices. Smith has capitalized on downstate's traditional distrust of Cook County. He has blanketed the state with full-page newspaper ads proclaiming: "Downstate has one Senator—let's keep him." The ads were financed by millionaire insurance executive W. Clement Stone, himself a Chicagoan.

Stevenson, a Harvard-bred lawyer, looks decidedly more urban than rural. He counters anti-Chicago sentiment as well as he can on a one-to-one basis as he scours downstate for votes. Chatting with a farmer alongside a cornfield, Stevenson, hands in his pockets and shuffling his feet, discusses his upbringing in Bloomington and Libertyville, and adds, "There's only one candidate in this campaign with manure on his shoes, and it isn't the other guy." This doesn't fool many voters, however, and Stevenson expects to win a majority only in heavily Democratic Cook County.

Stevenson's literature stresses his performance as state treasurer (an office that controls $1 billion in state deposits). He dropped the state's time-honored practice of depositing funds in banks linked to an incumbent's political party. He worked out instead a formula for spreading the deposits among many banks, which could increase their share of deposits according to the extent they were willing to invest in renewal of ghetto and low-income areas.

As the Illinois campaign entered its last month, Smith's television remained the most discussed issue. The Stevenson forces had hoped to budget $500,000 for a whirlwind video windup of their own, but are finding it difficult to raise that much.

One candid assessment of TV's role in the outcome came from Norton Kay, Stevenson's top press aide who was political editor of *Chicago Today* before he was recruited into politics. When a newsman suggested that Smith's TV commercials might backfire, that some voters might even regard them as funny, Kay responded: "Funny, hell! We're confident we'll win, but by how much? I think television advertising in the final weeks will determine the margin." □

HIPPIES & FARMERS

THE WILD HEMP OF INDIANA

MAXWELL KING

Mr. King, a reporter on the Louisville Courier Journal & Times, *has written extensively about the penal systems of Kentucky and Indiana.*

Kentland, Ind.

The one major throughway in Newton County, U.S. 41, is a four-lane artery that bisects the county with a barrage of high-speed traffic moving south toward Kentucky, Tennessee, Florida, and north to Illinois and Michigan. To the hurried traveler along that road, Newton is rolling fields, pretty white farmhouses, a school or a grain silo, and road signs reading:

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and Be Saved!"

"Welcome to Kentland, a Friendly, Growing Community."

But if one strays from the highway onto the grid of the county road map, one finds in springtime a startling vision of fertility; acre after acre of dark loam, freshly turned and waiting for seed. Adjacent pastures are windblown, undulating carpets of green, sprayed with the white and yellow of clover and dandelions. Most of the houses are modest, two-story structures, well painted and well kept, surrounded by orderly barnyards. In a few fields, herds of sleek, black cattle graze on the stalks of last year's corn.

Kentland, the seat of Newton County, is a small, old-fashioned farming town perched on the flat prairie. The rich land around Kentland has been kind to the burghers who have cultivated it for generations, and they responded with the hard work of dedicated farm life. But now the soil has played a harsh trick on them: it has borne wild marijuana and ushered in an alien culture. The clean-cut, conservative farmers are locked in a bitter struggle with idealistic, iconoclastic "hippies" who have come to harvest the "grass."

As the market for marijuana has grown and the supply has been cut by the federal government's crackdown along the Mexican border, northwest Indiana, particularly Newton County, has become a popular harvesting place for the wild plant. The residents of the area have responded with harsh righteousness. Last fall alone, seventy-two young people were caught and prosecuted. Many were imprisoned. Some have received tax bills as high as $47,800 on the illegal marijuana they picked. This year the arrest rate is running nearly as high, and may equal last fall's count before the frosts of late October kill the wild crop.

Ironically, the hemp, which is marijuana, was first planted here by the ancestors of the farmers it now threatens. Several generations ago, farmers in northwest Indiana grew hemp to smother the tough "bullgrass" that covered the prairie. Later, during World War II, other farmers were paid by the federal government to recultivate the plant for wartime use, and a processing plant was set up in Jasper County, next to Newton. Hemp has not been grown commercially since then, but it has

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continued to reseed itself and grows wild in drainage ditches and fields along remote roads. Now word of the wild marijuana has spread through the grapevine at college campuses and hippie settlements; some would-be "grass" pickers have even arrived with makeshift maps to lead them through the labyrinth of back roads.

Many have been led straight into the arms of waiting state policemen and the deputies of Sheriff Pat Mullen, who patrol the area with unmarked cars, planes and helicopters. Most of those who have come to trial have pleaded guilty to charges of possession of a dangerous narcotic drug (possession of marijuana is still a felony in Indiana, though many states have reduced the charge to a misdemeanor), and been sentenced to short terms (sixty to ninety days) at the state prison farm. Several of the youths interviewed at the farm last spring described their experiences in Kentland as "unbelievable." They told of being threatened and verbally abused by "uptight" police and townspeople. There were reports of firearms being shot off "to scare the hippies."

Although Newton County officials have posted signs warning the hippies away from the area—"If grass is your bag, don't fill it in Newton County"—there has been little attempt to eradicate the weed. The federal government has offered assistance, but farmers around Kentland are afraid that any spray laid down to kill the "grass" would also kill their crops. They claim they haven't time to destroy the plants by cutting them or spraying them individually, and they aren't willing to endanger their livelihoods to protect the harvesters from themselves.

Last spring, the Internal Revenue Service entered the "Kentland Grass War" at the behest of the Indiana state police. Employing a 1935 law that makes marijuana, even when illegally held, a taxable commodity at $35 an ounce, the IRS has been sending bills to convicted pickers.

Some of the long-haired youths say that state police and sheriff's deputies allowed them to pick for hours before making an arrest—thus they were caught with far more marijuana than if police had grabbed them at once.

The tax law has traditionally been used against criminals who traffic in large amounts of marijuana. According to a narcotics agent in Indianapolis, local law-enforcement agencies in Indiana have not in the past asked the IRS to enforce the tax law, except when they believed they had caught a marijuana dealer. Although many of the youths arrested in Newton County had large amounts of marijuana with them, county officials said last spring they did not consider the youths to be dealers, though they may casually sell or give some of the drug to acquaintances. The county prosecutor, John W. Barce, described the youthful pickers as "kids in a candy store . . . when they saw all that stuff, they just couldn't stop picking it."

Now, however, the Indiana state police have reached agreement with the district IRS office to institute what police officials call a "pilot project" to enforce the tax law against users as well as pushers. Capt. Ray Thompson of the state police says he learned of the 1935 law more than a year ago and approached IRS officials to make arrangements for broader enforcement. "We decided," said Thompson, "that it was a law that was on the books and there was no reason we could not use it also.

"We're not vindictive," he added, "but we think it's a good law. It works well with these juveniles. They usually only get a slap on the wrist from the courts, but when they have to dig into their blue jeans and come up with $200 or $300, they think a little." Asked about the youth who has been billed for a tax of $47,800, the captain asked: "Who forced him to go out and pick the marijuana? It's hard on a bank robber to get a $10,000 fine, too, but no one forces him to go out and rob a bank."

The IRS district director in Indianapolis, James Daly, said that the IRS automatically sends tax bills to persons convicted of transporting or transferring marijuana, if notice of the conviction and the amount of marijuana involved is given to the IRS by local law-enforcement officials. Daly added that unpaid bills will be forwarded to revenue officers for collection.

Captain Thompson estimated that even before this year's harvesting season began, $1.5 million worth of tax assessments had been sent out under Indiana's "pilot project." Stephen Bower, a liberal Kentland lawyer who has defended many of the marijuana pickers prosecuted in Newton Circuit Court (neither Bower nor the county prosecutor was aware of the tax penalties when the convictions were sought), put it bluntly in an interview: "I know these kids. They're not criminals, they're just not. It's action like this that's going to drive them into the streets."

Noonan

American Civil Liberties Union officials in Indianapolis and New York agree with Bower. They say they know of no other crackdown on youthful marijuana users quite so harsh or widespread as the "Kentland Grass War." And there is no sign of abatement. The "grass" is still thriving, young people are still picking it, and local officials are as adamant as ever. Said prosecutor Barce:

"I hope all the kids we sent to the state [prison] farm give us hell all year. I hope they get the message across to their friends: If you want to go some place and pick marijuana, *don't* come to Newton County, Indiana." □

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THE PLANES OF PENN CENTRAL

GWINN OWENS and STANLEY A. BLUMBERG

Mr. Owens, a free-lance writer, is editorial director of WJZ-TV, Westinghouse Broadcasting Co. in Baltimore. Mr. Blumberg, a Baltimore businessman, writes on economic subjects for the Baltimore Evening Sun.

The Penn Central Transportation Company, now being reorganized under bankruptcy laws, has warned that it may run completely out of money by November—when, presumably, the trains will stop. The House Subcommittee on Transportation and Aeronautics wants to know why things became so suddenly desperate for a railroad whose parent company, Penn Central, was paying dividends through 1969. If the committee probes further, it may find that part of the trouble was Penn Central's dreams of glory with a little-known subsidiary called Executive Jet Aviation, Inc. At least $21 million of Penn Central money was advanced in the EJA venture.

In October 1969 the Civil Aeronautics Board issued a cease and desist order against Penn Central, ordering it to terminate its allegedly illegal affiliation with Executive Jet. But in May 1970, Secretary of Transportation Volpe, whose department includes the CAB, was apparently willing to overlook the EJA adventure, because he was one of the leading proponents of an emergency $400 million Department of Defense loan to the railroad. The bankruptcy papers were filed when the loan fell through. The Penn Central didn't contest the allegations of the CAB and accepted a compromise civil penalty of $65,000. Executive Jet was assessed $5,000.

Speculations as to what Penn Central hoped for from its tie-in with Executive Jet vary considerably. A spokesman for Pan American World Airways has contended that Penn Central wanted to turn Executive Jet, which had been founded as a sort of de luxe air taxi service, into a major international carrier. Gen. Charles Hodge, of Glore Forgan, investment bankers, was quoted in *Business Week* as admitting he proposed the EJA investment because "any railroad management not aware of what's coming in air freight was not doing its job." Sen. Vance Hartke has suggested that some Penn Central officials got into the Executive Jet Aviation venture for their personal advantage.

Whatever the motive, the Penn Central-EJA involvement produced an incredibly complicated web of international corporate dealings. It took a long investigation by the CAB to untangle a complex of investors, creditors, buyers and sellers stretching over Europe and the United States.

Executive Jet Aviation, Inc., was founded in 1964 in Columbus, Ohio, by retired Brig. Gen. O. F. Lassiter as an airborne limousine service. A wholly owned subsidiary, EJA, S.A., was set up in Switzerland. The Pennsylvania Railroad in 1966 (before the merger with the New York Central) acquired 57 per cent of EJA stock. In an attempt to acquire route certifications, EJA unsuccessfully sought control of a small airline called Johnson Flying Service that had just acquired some routes from the CAB. Full of confidence, EJA had already ordered four Boeing jet transports, but the Johnson acquisition fell through.

What can you do with four giant airliners when you don't run an airline? They had to be leased out. The solution seemed to lie with Carl H. Hirschmann, a director of EJA, S.A. In March 1968 Hirschmann bought 70 per cent of the common stock of International Air Bahamas, Ltd., for $200,000, paying $100,000 as a down payment and contributing $50,000 in working capital.

In April 1968 EJA sought CAB approval of a lease agreement with International Air Bahamas. It was subsequently revealed that Hirschmann had borrowed the money to purchase IAB from the Commercial Credit Bank of Zurich, which he controlled, and that the loans had been made possible because EJA had deposited $1.31 million in Hirschmann's bank. The CAB approved the lease of a Boeing 707 by Executive Jet to IAB because, as the board later contended, EJA didn't tell the CAB of its close tie-in with IAB.

Through a similar maneuver, Hirschmann, now acting as a representative of EJA, acquired for EJA 90 per cent of the stock of a charter airline, Transavia, Holland, N. V. Funds were again deposited by EJA in the Commercial Credit Bank, but this time $500,000 of it was borrowed by EJA from the Pennsylvania Railroad, through its subsidiary, American Contract Company, in April 1968.

At that time EJA filed agreement with the CAB for the lease of another of its Boeings to Transavia. Once again, according to the CAB, Executive Jet failed to disclose that it was leasing the plane to a company that it controlled. CAB approval of the lease expired on March 31, 1969, but the plane was used at least twice in the following May without CAB permission.

As a result of these and a multiplicity of other transactions, the CAB found, in October 1969, among other things that:

The Pennsylvania Railroad had acquired control of EJA without board authority, in violation of Section 408 (a) (5) of the Federal Aviation Act.

PRR and EJA acquired control of IAB and Transavia without authority of the board.

And, most significantly, "EJA and Lassiter have engaged in unfair and deceptive practices and unfair methods of competition in air transportation and the sale thereof, within the meaning of section 411 of the act."

The CAB ordered all of Penn Central's interest in Executive Jet Aviation to be held in an "irrevocable liquidating trust" and vests the trustee with the power to liquidate Penn Central's interest on or before March 1, 1971.

In a hearing before the transportation subcommittee of the Senate Commerce Committee, David C. Bevan, former chairman of Penn Central's finance committee, summed up the whole venture: "It was one bad investment, in hindsight." □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Scott on the Rocks

SIR WALTER SCOTT: The Great Unknown. *By Edgar Johnson. The Macmillan Co. 2 Vols. 1,397 pp. $25.*

JOHN FARRELLY
Mr. Farrelly has been visiting lecturer in American literature at Trinity College, Dublin, and has taught English at Washington University, St. Louis. A contributor to leading magazines, he is devoting himself at present to literary journalism.

Walter Scott is not much read today, nor would I hazard anything on a Scott revival. *Ivanhoe* survived for years as a boys' book, but it too, I gather, was dropped long ago from high school reading lists. It might be useful, therefore, to begin with a summary of Scott's life before discussing this new biography.

Scott was born in Edinburgh, in 1771. "Wattie," as he was called, was a precocious child and "a sweet-tempered bairn, a darling with all about the house," according to the testimony of a servant, and with suitable adjustment that testimonial he would seem to have deserved throughout his life as he was apparently an exceptionally endearing man.

With his father's encouragement he studied for the bar. It is an interesting reflection on the time (and on ours) that it was felt that "for the higher branch of legal service an acquaintance with almost every realm of science (as it was then understood) and literature was a necessity." Some years later he achieved an assured income as one of the "Principal Clerks of the Court of Session," which post entailed duties for six hours a day during the six months of the year when the court was sitting.

When he was 19 and she only 15 years old, he met a young lady named Williamina Belsches, the only child of a wealthy family that ranked socially far above Walter's. During three years his attachment to her grew into a passionate love which blinded him to her feelings for him, which were never more than a warm fondness, so that when she announced her engagement to another man he was devastated, felt jilted and betrayed. At a considerably more level-headed 26, Scott met a Frenchwoman (she was a year older than he) named Charlotte Carpenter. The passionate intensity of the Williamina episode Scott had firmly suppressed in his nature, but there was a sincere (if "sensible") attachment between the couple, and their marriage took place in the same year. There is every evidence that it was a happy one.

It is now sometimes forgotten that Scott first won celebrity and fortune as a poet. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel,* published when he was 35, was a spectacular "best-seller" success, as were the succeeding *Marmion, The Lady of the Lake,* and others all but forgotten. He was *the* poet of his age. His metamorphosis into a novelist came about by chance. Scott was rummaging in an attic for some fishing tackle and came across an unfinished novel called *Waverly* which he had abandoned years before. It caught his fancy and he decided to finish it. He published it anonymously, and the Midas touch continued into his second literary career. *Waverly* was followed by novel after novel—all published anonymously. Their fame spread from the British Isles through Europe and to the backwoods of America. The great critical reviews endorsed popular taste and regarded Scott's novels as synonymous with fiction. George IV capped it all with a knighthood.

A glance into Scott's daily life is given us by the Irish novelist, Maria Edgeworth, a rather fulsome lady but an acute observer: "How does Sir Walter find time to attend to all he did?—his building," (of his gimcrack castle, Abbotsford), "his trees, his garden and meadows, his hospitality to the guests of all ranks—Prussian princes, Swiss barons, lords and ladies and gentlemen, artists, mechanics, antiquarians, authors —who came heedlessly to his house? . . . But there he was, walking with them, conversing, telling stories. Above all, WHEN has he time to write. . . . He says 'Oh I have plenty of time—people have always time enough if they use all they have.' "

Suddenly, everything changed. The financial collapse of 1825 brought Scott down in the general ruin. He avoided bankruptcy (which would have been the easy way out) by putting into a trust, to pay off his creditors, everything he owned: his estate, his copyrights, his future earnings. The man's struggles to work off his debt were heroic. In addition to the current novel, he usually had "a half dozen side jobs on hand." His energy and output under failing health are astonishing, and his courage—probably the most admired of the virtues—is indeed admirable. But it killed him. He suffered a series of apoplectic fits, combined with paralysis. His mind gave way, and he died at Abbotsford on September 21, 1832.

Now for Mr. Johnson's book. How does he expand his story through 1,279 text pages in two volumes? He has a method powered by an inspiration. His method is "research" as that term is too often understood in the higher academic reaches, and is interchangeable with "scholarship." His inspiration is a good old-fashioned (and rather touching) hero worship of his subject. "Of all the British men of letters in the nineteenth century," he categorically affirms, Walter Scott "is the noblest and the wisest. For those who have eyes to see and hearts to cherish, he is an inspiration and a heritage for all mankind." Given that conviction at that emotional pitch, there is *nothing* concerning the man unworthy of attention. And there is almost nothing (I shall note some exceptions) that has escaped the attention of Mr. Johnson. There are 134 pages of notes (in double columns), 12 pages of bibliography, and a staggering number of "acknowledgments" of assistance. Among the latter my favorite is: "The British Meteorological Office and the United States Naval Observatory also gave me useful information about the weather on the date of the dying Scott's arrival in London on June 13, 1832." Turning to the text at this point, we learn the nature of Mr. Johnson's indebtedness: "The day was warm and clear, with a strong south wind, and the sun was well above the horizon as they disembarked."

To what more extended use does Johnson put the fruits of his research? In the Introduction to these volumes, he remarks the conflict in the "legend" of Scott and then sets up a series of rather specious questions: e.g., "Was he an unworldly poet living in a world of dream, deceived by dishonest publishers and bungling agents? Was he an ambitious materialist goaded by visions of wealth and the hopes of founding a lordly dynasty? . . . Was . . . [his life] anything more than a melodrama of grandiose worldly triumph crashing down into disaster?" And more suspicious for an alert reader: "Was Scott a victim of fate or did he provoke his own catastrophe?"

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But even the most casual reader might assume that the author is proposing these questions with the intention of answering them in the book that follows. Johnson has no such design. In fact, *design,* in two senses of the word, is what this book cries out for. I mean design in the sense of structure or organization, and design in the sense of purpose or thesis, and I hope to show that the deficiencies are related.

Design in the first sense Johnson shirks, simply stringing out the items unearthed by his research in chronological order (interrupted by chapters of "Criticism" to catch up with Scott's productions in the intervals). I shall give two instances in which this method serves the author badly, not to mention the reader. The details of Scott's business transactions—contracts entered into, partnerships formed and dissolved, loans extended and contracted, and so forth and so on, are scrupulously particularized in the narrative at the appropriate date, but all this over such a stretch of time that when the crash comes it would take a team of accountants skilled in bankruptcy cases to clear up the muddle, and the baffled reader knows only that a disaster has somehow crept up on him.

Another instance of a different order: Scott was married in 1797, on page 155, Vol. 1, to a vivacious, attractive, apparently normal (albeit French) young woman. I, for one, trust Johnson's scrupulous scholarship and believe that nothing turned up in his researches to alter that impression (making allowance for aging) until we come to page 814, Vol. 2, and twenty-six years later, when we are treated to another observation from the keen-eyed Miss Edgeworth: "Lady Scott is very civil and always crowned with large full-blown roses—and the oddest dressed out French large black-eyed brown-skinned and rouged figure I ever saw, her hands always in motion picking at some imaginary pin in her sash, or touching herself here and there as if she was picking off hairs and getting out her broken French English sentences all the while making a prodigious number of faces with as much difficulty as if she had not landed from France above a week." With no comment whatever from Johnson to soften our shock at this sudden apparition from Dickens in the domestic circle of Walter Scott.

Indeed, comment of any kind (except for regularly recurring spurts of adulation) is conspicuously absent from Johnson's narrative. Infatuation with his hero seems to have paralyzed his reflective powers. And his sense of proportion. An item is jotted down in the course of his researches and that item duly appears in its appropriate sequence. Now it is true that any life in its externals will be largely made up of the small change of existence, and this can have a certain appeal to human curiosity. But page after page of meals eaten, toasts exchanged, visits paid, guests entertained, walks taken, favors conferred, strangers encountered, presents presented, bets wagered—where does it end?—can have a numbing effect even though they all feature Walter Scott.

I referred in the preceding paragraph to Johnson's reluctance (or simply failure) to comment, letting his facts speak for themselves, mute though they often be. I believe this is related to his weakness in design in the second sense of purpose or thesis. He gives as the subtitle of his book, "The Great Unknown." That was the name popularly given at the time to the anonymous author of Scott's novels. But Johnson extends it to refer to the man himself. He says in the Introduction: "He remains the Great Unknown, the very outlines of his character in controversy." I should call that "The Great Evasion." *Any* person is an unknown, great *or* small. Any human being is a mystery. That's simply a truism. But a biography, apart from the inevitable chronicling of events, is presumably one man's attempt to face the mystery, to speculate, to offer a pattern that will present a coherent account of a personality. Johnson chronicles the events, as I certainly grant, and he will occasionally point to the mystery. But pointing to it, he seems to feel, satisfactorily consigns it to the "unknown."

The most puzzling thing about Scott, to me at any rate, was his insistence on anonymity in publishing his novels. "Scott's original motive for secrecy was that. . . [his first] novel was a doubtful venture; he did not wish its possible failure to harm the reputation he had won as a poet." So far, so good. But after the success of *Waverly,* by preserving (or keeping up the pretense of) anonymity for year after year and in novel after novel, while "enjoying the fun and freedom of his flimsy disguise. . . he would be able to avoid the tiresome importunity of admirers who wished to pursue him with praise." Surely this is disingenuous in one who had, as a poet, become the most celebrated Scotchman of his day and accepted the importunity of admirers as well as the unprecedented financial rewards that went with it. (In a piquant coincidence unrecorded by Johnson, Byron once remarked in conversation, "It is absurd his denying what everyone who knows him believes, his being the author

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of those admirable works," while Scott noted in his journal: "Another of Byron's peculiarities was his love of mystifying.") "Defenses for his secrecy Scott threw out at various times," Johnson reports. "But as he well knew 'the ostensible reasons which we produce to ourselves are very different from those which really influence our conduct.' His real reason he expressed by quoting Shylock: 'It was my humor.' " Scott was content to let it rest there and so is his biographer, but as Johnson should well know, this real reason—Scott's humor—is the real mystery. One cannot fairly call on him to solve the mystery, but one expects him to face up to something batty in all this, and to wonder what place it had in his hero's character. At least one aspect of it should have struck him. With the insistence of provincial minor gentility, Scott ever prided himself on being a "gentleman" (which he was), but it didn't prevent him from putting others, friends as well as strangers, guests in his house, even the Prince Regent (and that same personage as George IV) in the constrained position of playing their part in this farce and "pursuing him with praise" by ingenious circumlocution.

Then there is the specter of Scott's first love, Williamina Belsches. Thirty-four years after Scott's ill-fated proposal, and when Williamina had been dead for seventeen years, he called on her mother in Edinburgh. "I fairly softened myself like an old fool with recalling old stories, till I was fit for nothing but shedding tears and repeated verses the whole night. This is sad work." So far Johnson. But in an excellent essay not mentioned by our author, Edwin Muir supplies the information that though Scott determined to banish Williamina from his thoughts she still haunted his "secret world," and on the eve of any great misfortune she appeared to him in his dreams. Muir suggests that the disastrous outcome of the romance and Scott's determination to put the lady's memory behind him "contracted the scope of his imagination and made it impossible for him to describe love."

In this latter connection, Johnson has something to say which serves incidentally as an example of his excursions into literary criticism. "When the heroine exists mainly to fulfill the reader's expectations of what Scott called 'wedding cake' he himself was unable to work up much interest in her, and she remained a rather thinly realized figure. Such young women, however, are not untrue to nature. Most young girls, like most young men, have very little personality save to the fond gaze of their parents or their lovers; they are no more than

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a kind of amorphous human protoplasm with few qualities beyond that very modest degree of nubility that may suffice to get them a mate." In this matter, "Scott draws from life itself."

This is a strangely complacent defense. "Most young girls" may appear that way to Edgar Johnson—even, at times, to you and me. But if they are not untrue to nature, they are untrue to art. "Amorphous human protoplasm" is not the production of the creative dramatic imagination. The famous opening of *Anna Karenina*: "All happy families are alike. Every unhappy family is unhappy after its own fashion," is not a universal truth but an aesthetic one. The artist is concerned with conflict, with complications in human personality and human relationships. "Wedding cake" or "They lived happily ever after" is a signal that the story is over.

I should like to quote here a well-known observation of Walter Scott's which is not without its bearing on this and is a tribute to the man's perceptive intelligence. On reading "for the third time at least Miss Austen's finely written novel, *Pride and Prejudice*," he exclaims at her talent "for describing the involvements and feelings" of everyday life. "The Big Bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going, but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things interesting from the truth of sentiment and description is beyond me."

Several years ago I read with considerable profit and pleasure Johnson's *Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph*. He rated Dickens markedly below Scott. I haven't looked at the book again to confirm my suspicion that this error in judgment served him well. It gave him a perspective on his subject and a sense of proportion that prevented a biography from becoming a eulogy. □

Malcolm Lowry's Paradiso

OCTOBER FERRY TO GABRIOLA. *By Malcolm Lowry. Edited by Margerie Lowry. The World Publishing Co. 352 pp. $6.95.*

RICHARD HAUER COSTA
Mr. Costa teaches modern literature at Texas A. & M. University. He is the author of a critical biography of H. G. Wells (Twayne), and of a forthcoming study of Malcolm Lowry.

Malcolm Lowry was a member of a damned elect, a sojourner in a hell of which, though he could not emerge alive, he would, Virgil-like, chart the circles. *Under the Volcano* (1947) was Lowry's fictionalized report on hell on earth. The product of an extraordinary ten-year experience, it may be—Alfred Kazin recently expressed the opinion—the last masterpiece. Now we have *October Ferry to Gabriola*, Lowry's *Paradiso*, sadly unfinished, but still a worthy antiphon to his *Inferno*.

In place of the Consul and his wife moving toward violent death in Mexico, Ethan and Jacqueline Llewelyn are about to be evicted from their British Columbia beach cabin. It is clear that Lowry intended the fear of eviction to overhang this novel as the Consul's addiction to mescal did the earlier. For rootlessness was Lowry's lifelong fate. The Liverpool cotton broker's son, a seasoned sailor and an alcoholic at 20, once pleaded with his readers to consider the

> plight of an Englishman who is a Scotchman who is a Norwegian who is a Canadian who is a Negro at heart from Dahomey who is married to an American who is on a French Ship in distress which has been built by Americans and who finds at last that he is a Mexican dreaming of the White Cliffs of Dover.

Ethan Llewelyn clearly qualifies as a Lowryan persona. Dispossessed of his Thoreauvian retreat, he has given up a lucrative law practice upon learning that the man he saved from the scaffold is indeed a murderer. The action of *October Ferry*, like that of its predecessor, takes place on a single day. It opens on an October morning with Ethan and Jacqueline aboard a Greyhound bus heading northward on Vancouver Island from Victoria toward Nanaimo, where they will catch a ferry to Gabriola Island. The novel ends with the couple sighting the lights of Gabriola, the dreamed-of harbor apparently theirs.

Margerie Bonner Lowry, who edited this book and whose care for nearly twenty years undoubtedly extended the life of her catastrophe-prone husband, writes that the novel grew out of a trip taken by the Lowrys in October 1946. He never wrote a line that was not in some way the product of the infernal machine grinding out his life. *Under the Volcano* began for Lowry with a bus ride in Mexico in 1936, when he was witness to the robbing of a dying Indian along a roadside near Chapultepec. Lowry depended on the metamorphosis from autobiography to art. This book shows signs that a companion piece to *Under the Volcano* was in the making, but that the work had not yet crystallized. Lowry needed ten years to alchemize the Consul into a prototype of 20th-century man catapulting to hell. Death denied Lowry the time to convert his "family slides" into larger-than-life views of the paradise regained.

The beginning of *October Ferry* is impossible to defend. There are long passages of dialogue between Ethan and Jacqueline about his retreat from law and life and about her Scottish ancestors. Ethan recalls the circumstances of their first meeting—at a cinema—and that memory stirs fond recollections of a D. W. Griffith film as

> so much more poignant than anything he had ever experienced in fact . . . like deducing the real from the unreal . . . by the transpiercing beauty of the manner in which it was perceived and photographed [giving] . . . life itself . . . a new reality. . . .

Lowry's unfinished last book cannot succeed where Griffith's film—all art—succeeds. The *real* in *October Ferry*—the outpouring of autobiography—only occasionally evokes the fictive *unreal*, that is, what Louis Rubin calls "the lie that tells the truth." The conversations between Ethan and Jacqueline are too special, too much like the chatting of family among outsiders. Unassimilated autobiography in fiction is the truth that tells lies.

Ethan Llewelyn, whose creator knew the cabala intimately, is a mystic, and the book is his attempt to locate himself "in the current." While an admirer of Lowry must face up to the part of him that was a spiritual archivist, forever receiving and storing up correspondences, it is quite another thing to take those intimations at face value. Llewelyn's musings might have been functional in the novel if Lowry had done something with the potentially compelling character of Angus McCandless, Jacqueline's father and a cabalist, a "white magician" with a Falstaffian side. But McCandless drops quickly out of sight. Mrs. Lowry apologizes in a postscript for this and other lapses, but lapses they remain.

But, even in this unfinished form, Malcolm Lowry's valedictory trembles with the resonance of an original sensibility. The life of the book is Ethan's consciousness. Like the Consul, he is haunted by guilt and a past from which there is no refuge. The dread presences of the earlier book—the dying Indian, the barranca transfixed under the volcano, the talismanic signs—are echoed in this one. Ethan feels a complicity in the suicide of a college classmate, twenty years ago on the day of the October fer-

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ry. A powerful chapter climaxes a montage of reminders that "his whole life had been like one long malignant disease since Peter's death, ever since he'd forgotten it . . . like a man who assures himself . . . that the first lesion of syphilis is simply impetigo."

Four chapters published by *Show* magazine in 1964, and still the best part of the book, are vintage Lowry. Reading them again in the context of this novel, *Under the Volcano*, and Lowry's life persuades one that fire was his archetypal symbol. (Lowry was the most eidetic writer since Hermann Hesse, and at one time Jung wrote to the Lowrys that he would be willing to treat Malcolm gratis simply because he had read *Under the Volcano*.) Ethan Llewelyn describes a bizarre chain of coincidences involving burnings, including fires by the dozen that dogged his family. There is also a cabalistic series of correspondences, the most chilling of which is a childhood recollection of posters for a play portraying a Jew burning and a reference in a book to a victim of fire. The names of the playwright and the burned person prove identical. Hounded by visions of actual and spiritual fires, Llewelyn prays. His words mock him: "Our fire which art in fear. . . ." He concludes that the mind is a haunted house and the devil a relentless pyromaniac who invades the mind, evoking

> long-forgotten hatreds of schoolmates who'd persecuted him about his eyes at school; hatred of the day that ever gave him birth to be the suffering creature he was, hatred where your house burned down with no reason, hatred of himself, and out of all this hatred did not grow sleep.

THE SOVIET UNION

There was that business in Siberia, in '19.
That was disgusting.
My God if John Adams had ever heard of that
he would have renounced his immortality.

It was despicable. My friends, forgive us.
It was done by our fearful invasive fathers.
I have a Russian image: in the Crimea, a train is stalled:
She's in labor,

they couldn't help her. She hemorrhaged, among the peasants,
grimaced & went away.
And Nikolay struck down in the advance
seeing the others going on

thought Am I wounded? Maybe I will die!
Me, *Nikolay Rostov, whom everybody* loved *so?*

You murdered Babel,
we murdered Martin Luther King; blacks, & blacks.
You have given a bitter time to Jews.
Maybe one of our Negroes was a Babel.

Trotsky struggled: over the railway system
and which troops were when to be where.
And when he addressed the Petrograd Soviet
their vasculatory system ran vodka.

Lenin wrote: Stalin is a boor;
& should not continue as Secretary.
Lenin, that great man, dying off there,
with only her (that great woman) to talk to.

Stalin was mad at midnight; & criminal. But that Georgian had high even
heroic qualities,
He led you through the horrible advance
of the German divisions. He had faith.
Smolensk; & then in the South.

An Odessa Jew, a bespectacled intellectual small man,
who rode with the revolutionary Cossacks,
was murdered in one of your prisons or your camps.
Man is vicious. We forgive you.

John Berryman

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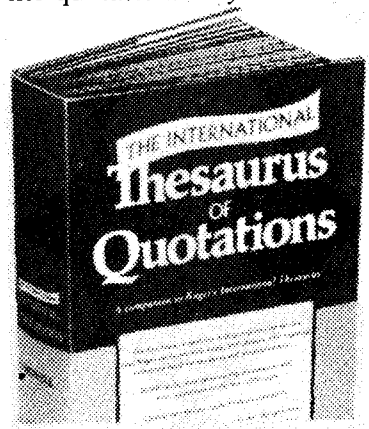

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The passage is vital as a connective between the Consul and Ethan Llewelyn. For a time it seems that redemption is no more possible for Llewelyn than for the Consul. He and Jacqueline flee the predatory fires. But they see "from the train window at Port Moody—across the water on their right . . . a fisherman's shack, built on piles, burning. . . ."

The vision is identical with the last conscious impulse of Yvonne, the Consul's wife, as she is trampled to death during a storm in the Dantean Mexican forest. And with the Consul's last vision before he is borne dying to the great barranca and tossed by Mexican Fascists into the pit.

The Consul's obsessive fears of fiery damnation produced in *Under the Volcano* the compensating image of water. *October Ferry to Gabriola* is set in a northern, water-garlanded paradise. And the book's final lines are redemptive, an answer to Ethan's pleas for a sign that he is saved:

> And now through the twilight . . . [they] distinguished the outlines of a sheltered valley that sloped down to a silent, calm harbor. Deep in the dark forest behind was the glow of a fire with red sparks ascending like a fiery fountain. . . . A voice called out, clear . . . lights . . . gleamed in the dusk.

For the Lowrys, life was not so kind. After their squatters' shack burned down in 1944, they rebuilt it. It was finally bulldozed away in 1957, the same year that Lowry, half a world away in his native England, died of an overdose of barbiturates on top of a bout of drinking.

His lifelong sense of being haunted, of living perpetually in what he once termed, in the punning manner he learned from Conrad Aiken, "introverted comas," produced the Lowryan fictional persona: a curious crossing of 19th-century strains with those of contemporary existentialist fiction ("I am Steppenwolf!" he once exulted to Margerie). But in trying to define Malcolm Lowry's gift and locate *October Ferry to Gabriola* in the literature of confession, one must go to the John Bunyan of *Grace Abounding* and to the vision-plagued company of the damned who live in hell but dream of heaven. □

News from Underground

THE UNDERGROUND PRESS IN AMERICA. *By Robert J. Glessing. Indiana University Press. 224 pp. $5.95.*

KINGSLEY WIDMER

Mr. Widmer, a frequent contributor to The Nation, *is a literary scholar and social critic who teaches at San Diego State College. At present, he is lecturing on American culture at the University of Nice, France.*

The radical and cultural American underground of recent years can be understood, I think, only as part of a desperate search for a semblance of community. The efforts at humanization, as in "participatory" and "movement" and ethnic-confrontation politics, or in visceral-ecstatic group arts such as rock, or in collective fusions of "heightened consciousness" through drugs and mysticism, express a terrible need for relatedness and mutuality and communal identity. So do the polymorphous sexuality, the flamboyant styles and the cries for "involvement." Ours has long been a restrictive, amorphous and very lonely society. It is probably becoming more so. Mass numbers, technological dehumanization, and the discrediting of traditional bonds, intensify the needs for communal feeling. The individualism and competitive spirit derived from the Protestant ethos have become destructive aggrandizement and mad productivity. Scientific depersonalization aggravates the situation. Bureaucracy aggravates it. Synthetic and corrupt "communications" aggravate it.

In their own communications media, the radical "movement" and "alternate society" and "counter-culture" find common ground not only in news of protest activity, leftist collectives and mystical communes but in language and feeling as well. Less stoic about their condition than much of the rest of society, those identifying themselves with the underground poignantly seek communion.

Only with some such perspective can we understand the amazing spread of the underground press, a phenomenon unique to America and to this generation. Robert J. Glessing's pleasantly written and enthusiastic survey is useful and suggestive. In trying to cover so much of the underground, he understandably runs into problems of definition. His "Underground Press Directory," inevitably somewhat out of date as soon as compiled (1969), lists 463 underground papers, though his discussion draws mostly on thirty examples. Besides the half hundred or so urban underground papers of some size and continuity—perhaps most notably such broad weekly papers as the New York *Village Voice* (circulation 130,000) and the Los Angeles *Free Press* (95,000)—there are about sixty military (really anti-military) underground papers, at least several dozen black and Chicano papers (the *Black Panther* at 85,000 is the largest and most important), and many campus-centered underground papers (Glessing's figure of fifty seems very low). He also briefly discusses, without listing them, the 500 to 1,000 high school underground papers. There are also many related publications, ranging from sectarian political sheets to pseudo-underground periodicals whose business is sexual exploitation, and even religion. (I've recently seen two underground-style papers put out by Christian sects as youth counter-propaganda, offering "highs" on Jesus.) And no hard lines can be drawn between the radical-culture papers and some "little magazines" whose emphasis is literary. Nor, indeed, can we readily separate the newspapers from some sex, health and mystical cult journals, or even from the newsletters of certain fringe groups. As I extrapolate Glessing's figures, the underground press, narrowly defined, would have around 2 million readers, while a broad definition might involve three or four times that number. Indeed, accurate categorizing of the content, format, editors, audiences and attitudes of the marginal or underground media hardly seems possible. Future accounts, no doubt, will have to take a case approach, exploring in rather more depth a few underground papers as representatives of the larger field. But, to Glessing's credit,

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we are better able to deal with the problems of definition now that he has given us a general description of what has been happening.

Of course, one's idea of just what has been happening partly depends on the examples one chooses. For instance, is *The Village Voice*, the weekly newspaper with the largest circulation in America, and the oldest (1955) subculture organ of its kind, really "underground"? It has a wealth of advertising, a conservative format, more or less professional writers, a large staff, regular business methods, considerable intellectual sophistication and a trend-maker role. Most of the underground papers could not be so described. I would argue, against Glessing, that the personal and participatory and open style of *Voice* journalism, as well as its subjects (frequently marginal to the mainstream society), and its general radicalism and sense of identity should provide the definition. Yet certainly the underground skeptics have a point; with the papers, as with most things American, large success indicates considerable failure. Much of what is underground might be defined by its refusal of Pyrrhic American success patterns.

Says Glessing, "underground newspapers are written *by* the alienated *for* the alienated." Fair enough, if we add that they thus seek to establish some semblance of community for those who define themselves by their opposition to mainstream America—as many must, including the self-consciously dropout and marginal, hippie and revolutionary, deviant and dissident. As the controlling society becomes more ideological in its demands, the minorities must counter with more political, social and cultural radicalism. In spite of what Glessing describes as the "wide split between the radically political papers and the radically cultural papers," these do come together; political and cultural revolution now provide two arms for the same sensibility. It takes no special irony to find cultural rebels sometimes more radical than avowed revolutionaries, or militants sometimes more mystical than cultists. Glessing elsewhere acknowledges that most of the papers are never "purely political or cultural at any one time," but fluctuate in response to external events—as with the heavy political swing in "cultural" papers last spring because of outrage over Cambodia.

The enduring underground papers might be defined less by their political or anti-political positions than by their services. The dissident media must respond much more closely than more institutionalized periodicals to the needs of their audiences, or else they quickly disappear. Underground advertising (of "head shops," rock records, costuming,

OWNING HOMES

(*From* "The Teeth-Mother Naked At Last")

That's what it's like for a rich country to make war,
That's what it's like to bomb huts (afterwards described as "structures")
That's what it's like to kill marginal farmers (afterwards described as "Communists")

This is what it's like to watch the altimeter needle going mad

Baron *25*, this is *81*. Are there any friendlies in the area? *81* from *25*, negative on the friendlies. I'd like you to take out as many structures as possible located in those trees within *200* meters east and west of my smoke mark.

diving, the green earth swinging, cheeks hanging back, red pins blossoming ahead of us, 20 millimeter cannon fire, leveling off, rice fields shooting by like telephone poles, smoke rising, hut roofs loom up huge as landing fields, slugs going in, half the huts on fire, figures running, palm trees burning, shooting past, up again; blue sky, cloud mountains

That is what it's like to have a gross national product

It's because a hospital room in the average American city now costs $60 a day that we bombed hospitals in the North

It's because the aluminum window-shade business is doing so well in the United States that we roll fire over entire villages

It's because the milk trains coming into New Jersey hit the right switches every day that the best Vietnamese men are cut in two by American bullets that follow each other like freight cars

This is what it's like to send firebombs down in 110° heat from air-conditioned cockpits,

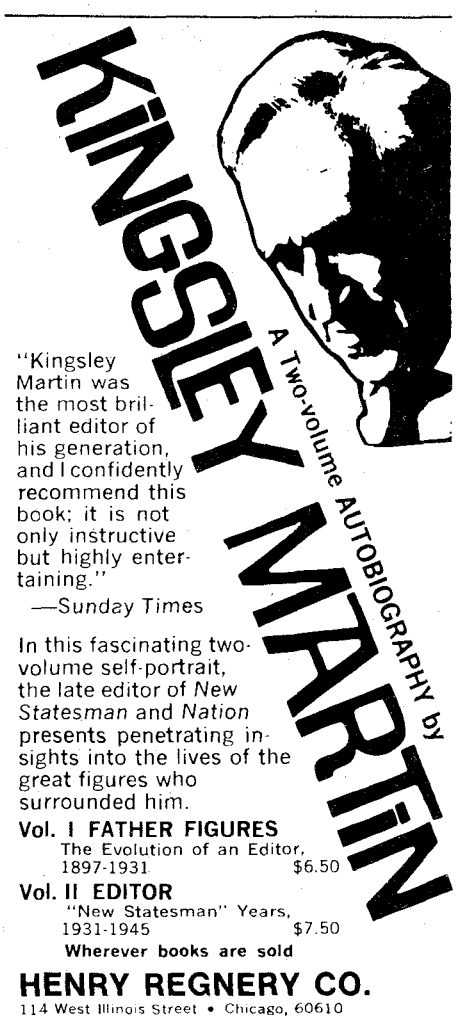
This is what it's like to be told to fire into a reed hut with an automatic weapon,

It's because we have new packaging for smoked oysters that bomb holes appear in the rice paddies

It is because we have so few women sobbing in back rooms,
because we have so few children's heads torn apart by high-velocity bullets,
because we have so few tears falling on our own hands
that the Super Sabre turns and screams down toward the earth

It's because tax-payers move to the suburbs that we transfer populations.
The Marines use cigarette lighters to light thatched roofs of huts
because so many Americans own their own homes.

Robert Bly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etc.), underground calendars (of appropriate art happenings, political events, social facilities), and underground classifieds (devoted to sexual needs and marginal accommodations and activities) are central, not incidental, to the papers. They are as pertinent to their readers as real estate listings, stock market reports, social announcements and sports results in the conventional press. Not just revolutionary reportage, hip lore and satiric blasts but particular communal services distinguish the underground papers. Contemporary conditions—affluence, war, technology, protest, social disintegration, drugs, displaced youth, dissident sensibility and much else—have created a distinctive, if unstable, political-cultural audience of some millions that is inadequately served by the standard media. Put aside doctrinaire social views, and one can recognize this audience as *the* under class of America, regardless of its social origins, because it identifies itself as the dissident community. In a decent society, the regular communications media and other institutions would recognize the reality and provide the appropriate services. But that is not likely.

The author sketches in some of the background of youthful unrest and, rather vaguely, revived radicalism. He describes the dissident papers as important creators of awareness of militarism, racism, bureaucratized education, police repression and social injustice. But he also makes it plain that the papers reflect rather than create such responses. Their major work of exposé, of the new-style muckraking, arises from the experiences of many among their audience in the streets and institutions of our society. The conditions that grudgingly allow the papers to exist—such as the availability of cheap offset printing, judicial limitations on censorship in the fifties, and the breakdown of many traditional controls in the sixties—may be less important than their responsiveness to what has been happening.

As Glessing fails to observe, however, many of the papers generate their own imperatives, particularly those produced by collectives and communes. I am told that much of the direct impetus toward Women's Liberation, very insistent in the underground papers for some time now, arose from the discontents of women in publication groups in "the movement." More generally, we find response to the needs of the "new class" of the discontented semi-educated (college students and dropouts) who are simply not provided for in a social order that is generally arbitrary and often corrupt. It is their tastes, exposed to education but not cultivated, that encourage the curious styles of rage and humor in the underground press, the mixture of obscenity, sophisticated abstraction, cultish jargon and free-form expressiveness. (Incidentally, the author's Glossary is not very adequate; "cop-out," for example, still retains some of its prison-argot meaning; "head" means more than an LSD-user, and long antedates the LSD era.)

My impression is that some of the negative aspects of the underground style weigh rather heavily at present, as the semi-communities grope their way toward more permanent roles and manners. The papers often bore with their dulling repetition of shock effects and unartful obscenity. The political heavies of the Left load us with super-revolutionary slogans and neo-Leninist rhetoric. On the other side, the psychedelic has become pure cliché. Glessing, as it happens, quite overvalues the psychedelic formats, which were mostly derivative and artistically *retardataire*. But the better papers now skirt both Leninist gospel and Learyist ritual, and have not been much taken in by McLuhan's silly inversions of sense and style.

The underground papers, Glessing suggests, have had considerable influence, beyond their direct audiences, on sexuality, costume, language, humor—manners in general—and in reviving the muckraking function of journalism. Moreover, the pernicious pseudo-objectivity of customary journalism, like the "neutrality" of our schools, scientists and professional experts, and the rest of our rationalized system of indoctrination and domination, now meets with sustained subversion on the part of their victims, starting with their very ways of seeing the world. On the whole, that is good news. In spite of their obvious weaknesses—transitoriness, cultism, the drug mystique, anti-intellectualism, violence, etc.—and in spite of official harassment, economic squeezing and communal repression, such real freedom of the press should continue to survive. However crude, participatory journalism (and similarly conceived education, politics and work) points to the real needs and possibilities of cultural revolution. Barring a drastic increase in repression or a revolutionary transformation of the mainstream institutions, something that carries the voices from under, that speaks to personal responsiveness and the need for community, will probably be with us in various forms for some time. We are not one nation. The real news from underground is that there exist other nations, other communities, than those presented in the false gospels of official America. □

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BERLIOZ: *Les Troyens.* Berit Lindholm, soprano; Josephine Veasey, Heather Begg, contraltos; Jon Vickers, tenor; Peter Glossop, baritone; Roger Soyer, bass. Covent Garden Royal Opera Chorus and Orchestra; Colin Davis, cond. Philips 6709-002. $29.90 (five discs).

MEYERBEER: *Les Huguenots.* Joan Sutherland, Martina Arroyo, sopranos; Huguette Tourangeau, mezzo-soprano; Anastasios Vrenios, tenor; Gabriel Bacquier, Dominic Cossa, baritones; Nicola Ghiuselev, bass; Ambrosian Opera Chorus. New Philharmonia Orchestra; Richard Bonynge, cond. London OSA-1437. $23.92 (four discs).

The Meyerbeer-Scribe historical opera (built around the St. Bartholomew's Day massacre) was the smash success of 1836, and remained for more than seven decades one of the mainstays of the repertory. Berlioz's Virgilian epic was —in mutilated form—the undoubted failure of 1863, and could hardly have been described as part of the active literature until a few years ago. Such is the history of taste, and the coinci-

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dence that the two operas should receive their first recordings at the same time is something of a curiosity as well.

Today, the relative merits of the works seem quite beyond argument, for Meyerbeer's compositional limitations—restricted and mechanical melodic invention, short-breathed harmonic imagination, and a general inability to achieve interesting textures—are hardly compensated for by a certain skill in developing large ensembles. And even in his best moments—especially the love scene in the fourth act—he rarely seems to get off the ground in more than two dimensions at a time. By contrast, Berlioz knows how to build his scenes on the largest possible scale, controlling every dimension at all times, and sustaining interest throughout one of the more spaciously paced works in the literature. *Les Troyens* is, remarkably, the most classicizing opera of the 19th century, with a Gluckian insistence on integrity of declamation that manages to come through even in the assorted accents of the Covent Garden cast.

It is obvious to anyone hearing the two recordings which of these operas evokes a real commitment from the performers: the Meyerbeer is a pickup job, indifferently cast (only Martina Arroyo emerges with real distinction) and conducted in the most pedestrian fashion imaginable; while the Berlioz is directed by a master hand and sung with considerable conviction, if variable vocal quality. On this showing, any single number from *Les Troyens* is worth the whole of Meyerbeer's complex apparatus of stagey effects—but I would not care to put money on which of the two is likelier to be seen in stage performance in New York, given the present state of local operatic enterprise.

WAGNER: *Götterdämmerung.* Helga Dernesch, Gundula Janowitz, sopranos; Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano; Helge Brilioth, tenor; Thomas Stewart, Zoltan Kelemen, baritones; Karl Ridderbusch, bass; Chorus of the German Opera, Berlin. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Herbert von Karajan, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2716-001. $35.88 (six discs).

The final installment of this project does not significantly alter the impressions created by its earlier parts (see *The Nation,* December 30, 1968, and January 19, 1970). As with the third act of *Siegfried*, with which it shares a level of heightened textural complexity, *Götterdämmerung* benefits from the contrapuntal clarity of Karajan's clean, transparent orchestral sound. However, once again most of the singing is less than adequate, with the notable exception of Christa Ludwig's work in two relatively minor roles. Dernesch and Brilioth, as Brünnhilde and Siegfried, are well beyond their depth; it takes more than electronic amplification to make Wagner's phrases issue convincingly from such underequipped throats.

Although one cannot help admiring the conductor's orchestral expertise, the final verdict must be that his attempt to achieve a fresh, less violent Wagner style, by taking advantage of the fact that recordings permit the use of smaller and smoother voices, is not a success. Whether or not the conception embodied in these recordings will cast a wider influence on Wagnerian performance, with possibly better results in the future, remains to be seen. (The ultimate completion of Karajan's *Ring* on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera is still, apparently, under debate. I am reliably informed, however, that the much discussed Furtwängler recordings of the cycle are now scheduled for release next spring.)

Other recommended operatic recordings:

VERDI: *Il Trovatore.* Leontyne Price, soprano; Fiorenza Cossotto, mezzo-soprano; Placido Domingo, tenor; Sherrill Milnes, baritone; Bonaldo Giaiotti, bass; Ambrosian Opera Chorus. New Philharmonia Orchestra; Zubin Mehta, cond. RCA Red Seal LSC-6194. $17.94 (three discs).

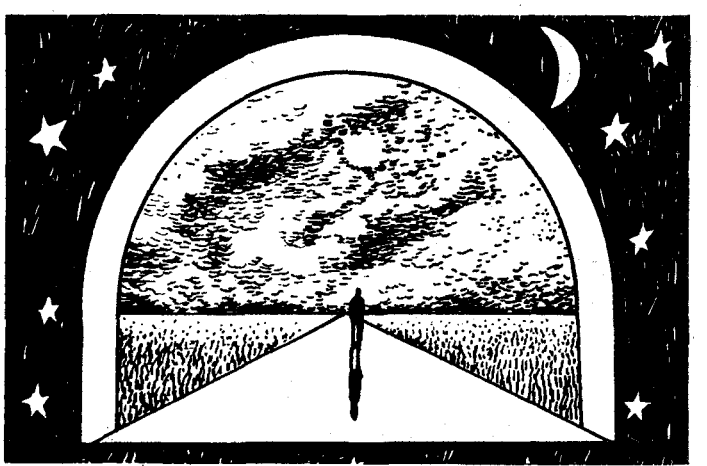
VERDI: *La Traviata.* Rosanna Carteri, soprano; Cesare Valletti, tenor; Leonard Warren, baritone. Rome Opera Orchestra and Chorus; Pierre Monteux, cond. RCA Victrola VIC-6004. $5.96 (two discs, reissue of a 1956 mono recording). □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

I don't know if Karl Marx had anything to say about show business, but it is certainly a fact that materialistic interpretation would jibe very well with the theatre's present condition. The uncertain stock market is giving "angels" the jitters. They don't invest readily in anything but musicals, and even in that line things are slowing down.

The one new show on Broadway at this writing, *Bob and Ray—The Two and Only* (Golden Theatre), is radio and television's gift to the "uptown" theatre. Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding are funny fellows and at least one of them can act, but the two make a fine team. Their



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jokes poke fun at all of us in our crazy society, without being complacent or bitter. They are neither highbrow nor Philistine. Their show is short, and the price of admission is too high—but that is not their fault.

Off-Broadway is more active, but I'm beginning to wonder whether the term still has any specific significance; it no longer accurately indicates location, and the costs of mounting and operating a production are rising to a degree which makes enterprise there as commercially foolhardy as that on Broadway has become. Then too, the scale of Off-Broadway ($5.95 to $6.50 and $8.50) is ridiculously high for its audience.

Opium, which opened at the Edison Theatre on West 47th Street—an "intermediary" house, smaller than the ordinary Broadway house and larger than the 299-seat capacity Off-Broadway—is not a play, though it is called that. It is Jean Cocteau's journal of his cure from addiction to that drug, translated and adapted for the stage by Roc Brynner. But everything set on a public platform for purposes of entertainment is now elevated to "play" status. The translation is good, the adaptation intelligent, and Roc Brynner is young and handsome. He speaks and reads well. Time may tell whether he *is* also an actor.

As to the text, its significance medically, psychologically, poetically is slight. Cocteau was a complex character. He had a certain wit, a gift of smart gab, an alert spirit, flair of a kind and talents in all directions, combined with a compulsion to shine, astonish and show off. He recognized genius in others and followed it worshipfully. All this made him the spoiled darling of Paris in the twenties; an emblematic figure of the City of Light in one of its brightest periods. But at bottom he was a mixed-up kid.

He never evolved a whole personality. He sparkled but he alighted nowhere—not even within himself. To the last, he remained an "amuser" of some brilliance, always promising more than he could produce. He was fun to have around, stimulating rather than substantial—and finally irritating.

Opium is a case in point: it reveals Cocteau's fundamental self-deception. It sounds heady, epigrammatically crackling, even profound, but it is mostly fizz and precious conceit. It did not turn me on.

Dennis Reardon, author of *The Happiness Cage* (Public Theatre), has ability and may develop into a dramatist of worth. His thrusts at the moment fall wide of the mark. The play is much too long, but that is not merely a matter of overwriting. It takes too much time for the audience to learn what is being written. On the one hand, the play discloses the rotten procedures and personnel of a Veterans Administration hospital. There is, for instance, a perverted and cruel orderly who takes and sells dope. The patients' wards are bugged. Ruthless military men dominate the institution. But while this holds some interest as muckraking horror and characterization, it is not what the play purports to be about.

The patients we see—a secondary character among them, a kind of wartime derelict suffering from lung cancer, is the most arresting—are being used as guinea pigs for an experiment which will lead either to their death or to lifetime happiness. The happiness conceived by the inventive doctor, who has been given the means to conduct the experiment, is the assurance to all who desire it of complete imperviousness to pain. The trick is done by inserting a thin steel wire into the brain. After two patients—already destined to die from cancer—have been killed by the treatment, the doctor wants to quit, but the general in charge insists that he go on with one more fellow, presumably paranoid.

This last chap, who is rendered quite unsympathetic, argues with surprising lucidity and passion that men must be allowed to be what they are, even when they are not what society considers normal. The individual has inalienable rights including personal aberration, and a science that attempts to correct all men's defects in favor of a hypothetical perfection is a menace to humanity.

The thesis may be valid, but it is presented too late, too simplistically in the play, and coming after the elaborate exposition of the hospital's abuses, it creates the impression of an edifying postscript. The play's detail overwhelms what is supposed to constitute its justification. The base does not properly support the arch.

The Happiness Cage is capably directed by Tom Aldredge with good performances throughout, of which the most notable are those of Ronny Cox, Bette Henritze and Henderson Forsythe.

Kurt Vonnegut Jr.'s *Happy Birthday, Wanda June* (Theatre de Lys) is a he-man lampoon—tough, fearless, dealing death in sport and war and apparently seeking death as well—that is sometimes associated by his detractors with Hemingway. Such men, Vonnegut implies, are relics of the past. As to that, all one need say is that we hope so.

I do not know Vonnegut's novels. From the evidence of the play (first undertaken some years ago as a film and now revised for the stage) he can write, especially in the vein of quirky humor. There are funny lines in the script, all of them almost virulently offbeat. These prevent the play from lapsing into total foolishness. But no one is going to be convinced by this text, even if he agrees with its inferences. Nothing in it is sound, either intellectually or dramatically. It is at its worst when most serious.

The technically ambitious production, under Michael Kane's direction, is excellent. The cast is all that could be desired. Kevin McCarthy in the central role gives his freest performance, and William Hickey, playing the most appealing part in the play (though I could hardly believe he was ever an army colonel) is strangely winning in an eccentrically hayseed American way. □

PERSONALS

PLAGIARISMS

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, with a Damocles sword poised to come down, and hysterical fear that makes one see an enemy lurking behind each tree.

While the peasant sleeps so very sound on a bed of straw, or on the ground, oblivious of glory he does not crave, that glory that leads but to the grave.

The wanderer alone in the desert air brings value to some flower there, whose fragrance might be wasted otherwise because fools crowd to where ambition lies.

The gold of fools, the power of knaves, only the grace of fortune saves; a field that's sowed, a planted tree, bring nature's dividends continually.

Some of us have skins quite thick; the thinness of others can make them sick. But, winners or losers in life's great game, underneath our skins we're pretty much the same.

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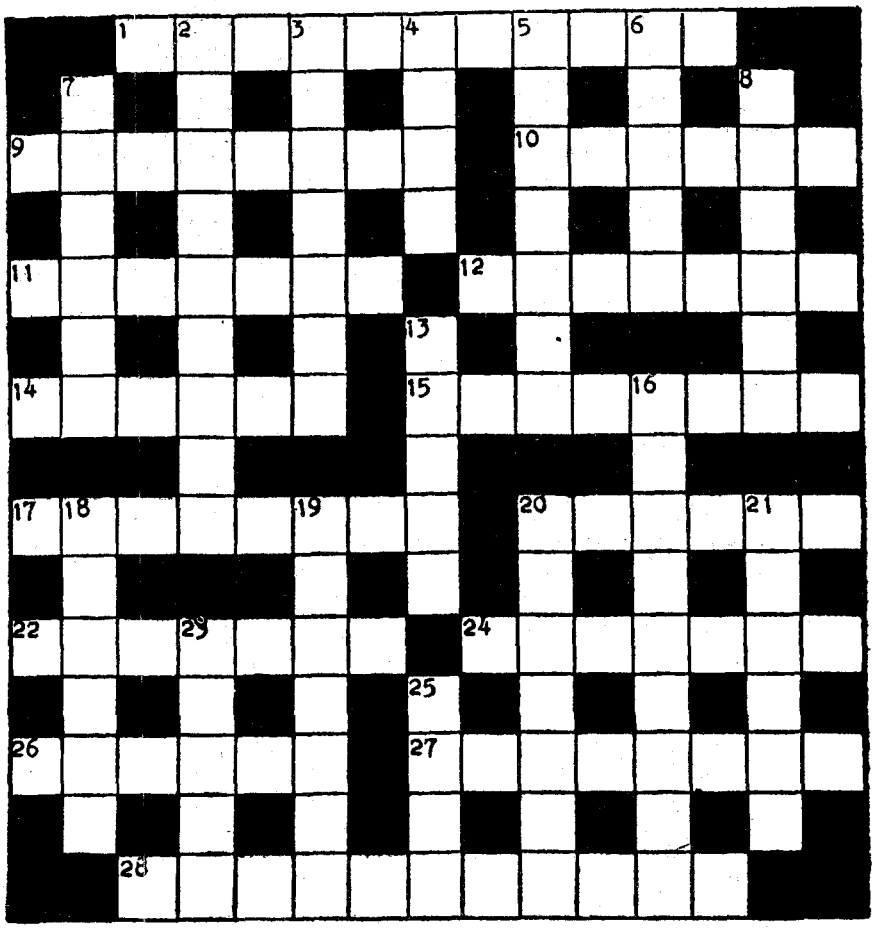

ACROSS

1 Ban the ball? This won't let you do anything! (11)
9 Releases lubrication for the party? (4,4)
10 Opportunity for the baseball player who finished up what 20 down started. (6)
11 Possibly detains, alternatively. (7)
12 Did he explore one of the ranks of Detroit output? (7)
14 and 15 Tennyson's is one of the better known ones, but some people get the goods on them. ((6,8)
17 In a jam, perhaps, this is quiet stand-offishness. (8)
20 One might have a plan to take part in just a shake. (6)
22 Rub the wrong way—there's a catch about it! (It might require polish to do so.) (7)
24 If you get in deep, this should give you a breather. (7)
26 Certainly not a heavy coat to put on. (6)
27 Such as a wolf might be prorated. (8)
28 How the dirt's given a new twist on Madison Avenue? (11)

DOWN

2 Made by both the Mozart and Casanova types? (9)
3 This could be a heavy fabric, or possibly be a cord. (7)
4 and 13 Editorially eliminate openings for those who might be representative at meetings. (9)
5 It's out of date, but a rather coy come-uppance for the intelligence establishment. (7)
6 If you do, the movement is without power on either side of our country. (5)
7 and 23 down Pain, possibly. (6,5)
8 Possibly grave, if 7. (6)
13 See 4 down
16 It might be a nice turn, but you can't be so sure. (9)
18 Sent from point A to point B, possibly in flight. (6)
19 What you might do with left-overs and uncommitted force. (7)
20 Snout typical of them, and fiddles, also.(7)
21 Where the man who cometh used to leave his burden. (6)
23 See 7 down
25 Fight on foot, possibly. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1364

ACROSS: I Palimpsests; 9 Chub; 10 Staff; 11 Alto; 12 Crevice; 13 Flattop; 15 Declasse; 16 and 14 down Sudden death; 18 Object; 21 Tripping; 24 Pinched; 26 Demirep; 28 and 7 down Oglethorpe; 29 Benet; 30 Axis; 31 Level-headed. DOWN: 2 Abbeville; 3 and 4 Insect spray; 5 Enfolds; 6 Trait; 8 Strove; 17 and 19 Duplicate bridge; 20 Tremble; 22 Iced tea; 23 Noesis; 25 Crete; 27 Inch.

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